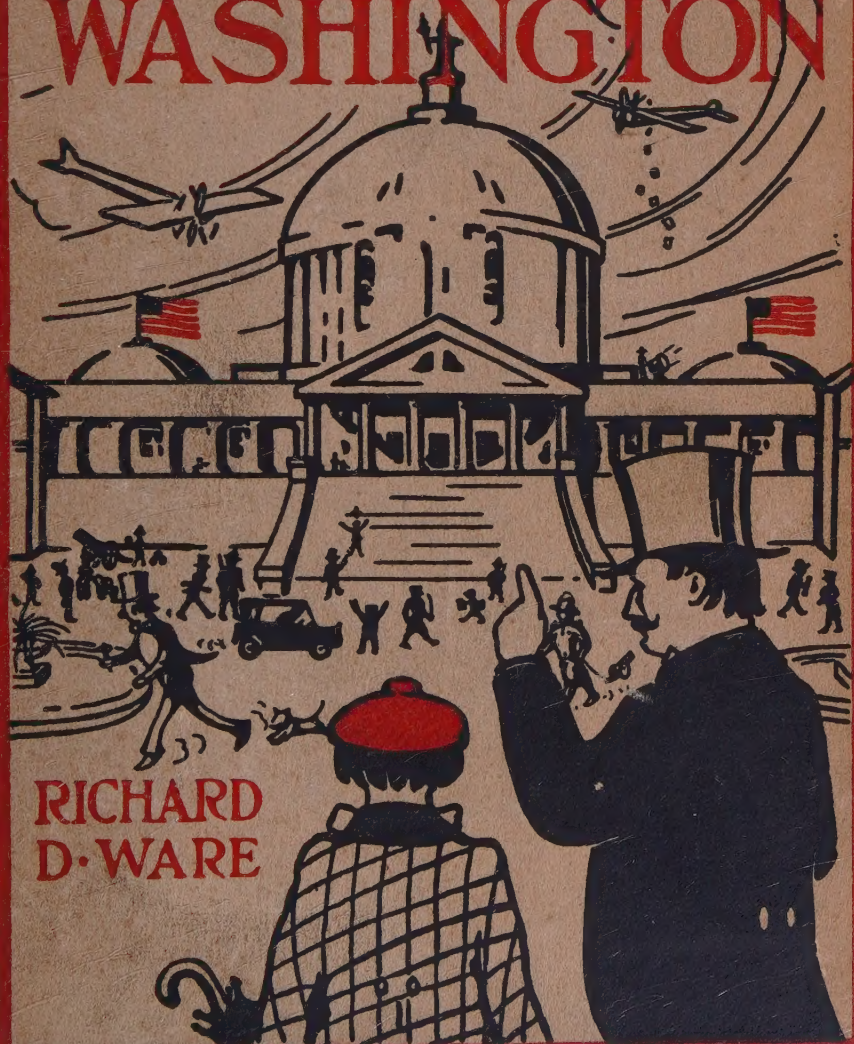


Rollo's Journey TO WASHINGTON



RICHARD
D. WARE

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**ROLLO'S JOURNEY
TO WASHINGTON**



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THE HOLIDAY FAMILY (See page 4)

Rollo's Journey to Washington

A NARRATIVE OF CONTEMPORANEOUS
TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, WITH DESCRIPTIONS
OF EPISODES OCCURRING DURING A SOJOURN IN
THE CAPITAL CITY OF OUR COUNTRY IN TIME OF WAR

PARTICULARLY ADAPTED TO THE PERUSAL
OF YOUTHFUL PERSONS OF ANY AGE

By Richard D. Ware

ILLUSTRATED WITH WOOD CUTS BY
ROBERT SEAVER



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First impression, April, 1919

To Jacob Abbot.

It seems hardly necessary for the author to offer any words of reassurance to those parents into whose hands your prior works have come as to the entire safety and propriety with which this latest narrative of more recent events in Rollo's boyhood may be placed in the hands of an adolescent, but to those to whom the earlier writings are not familiar, and who have not had the advantages of their perusal for guiding their growing offspring and themselves upon well-ordered paths, such assurance is confidently given. In the parental intercourse of Mr. Holiday with his son Rollo, in Rollo's filial relations with his father as described, will be found suggestions for personal application based on the highest standards of deportment and the most approved precepts of propriety. In Rollo's daily life with his little playmates in the capital city of our country occur incidents of much moral significance.

The glimpses given of the life in that city, its monuments and monumental statesmen, cannot fail to inspire youthful readers with a newer and purer patriotism.

THE AUTHOR.

THE LEAGUE

*He kept us out of war.
Now that its thunders cease
He sets his will as law,
And keeps the world from peace,
With cart before his horse,
Fast hitched, on single track,
He cannot make the course,
He will not back.*

*A League? So be it, when the job is done
That makes France safe and Belgium's wrongs
repaired;
Then let it be a league against the Hun,
Not one to coddle him that he be spared,
And set in company with honest men,
That he may seek to cut their throats again.*

RICHARD D. WARE

AMHERST, N. H., Feb. 11, 1919.



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ROLLO'S JOURNEY TO WASHINGTON

CHAPTER I

THE PLAN

THE wind and snow beating upon the window panes gave an added sense of comfort to those who composed the happy family group sitting in the back parlor of Mr. Holiday's comfortable home. A fact which further added to the sense of comfort was that the stove was going and the room was heated nearly to forty degrees in spite of the day being a coalless one. Perilous and unpatriotic as this state of things might seem without further knowledge, it was really entirely consistent with the war aims of the coal administrator, for it utilized what otherwise would have been but part of the national waste, and a short digression will show how improper it always is to decide a question without full inquiry.

It had happened that earlier in the day Rollo and Thanny had gone down across the field to sit on

the fence by the railroad track and see a coal train go by.

Mr. Holiday had read in the morning paper that the train was to go through that day and had advised the boys to go and see it, as they might never see another one.

"Why does it not stop here?" asked Rollo —
"we have no coal."

"They never stop," said Mr. Holiday.

"Why is that?" said Rollo.

"That is because the coal administrator gave orders to keep transportation moving," said Mr. Holiday.

"I see," said Rollo. "But what is an administrator, father?"

"An administrator," said Mr. Holiday, "is a man who looks after the affairs of the dead."

"Like an undertaker," said Rollo.

"You've said something," said Mr. Holiday.

The boys put on their caps and mittens and were soon sitting on the fence waiting for the train. By and by it came along but moving very slowly. Rollo had become rather impatient at the long wait, and observing how slowly the train was going wondered what the reason for it was, for his father had taught him to try to find a reason for everything, and Rollo generally could. Suddenly it occurred to him. The train crew must be Germans and were not speeding up the war.

"Aw, get a move on, you dirty Germans!" he cried out.

Thanny cried out too, but the best he could do was "Dirty Derman." Rollo's familiar gesture of thumb on nose he imitated perfectly.

The men in the engine cab reached back and threw several large pieces of coal at the two boys, but without hitting them.

"This is a coalless day," shouted Rollo, much exercised at such waste of fuel.

The men, if not Germans, were rough, coarse men.

"Like hell it is," they replied, and kept throwing at the two boys from all along the train as it slowly passed them. Their feelings towards the two innocent children make one surmise that the men may well have been Germans.

"Now, kid," said Rollo, "let's get down and pick up the coal," which the two boys did, thus saving what the thoughtless if not actually unpatriotic train-hands had thrown away. This accounts for the warm stove that evening, and one sees that the heat which would have been wasted lying in the snow by the railroad track was conserved in the pleasant back parlor.

Mrs. Holiday was knitting. Mary, Rollo's sister, was knitting. Thanny was practicing bomb throwing with their balls of yarn from his "twench" back of the sofa. Jonas was mending a skunk trap, and though the odor might have been unpleasant if the room had been at a higher temperature, as things were it was hardly noticeable. This shows that there is often unforeseen good in almost everything.

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Mr. Holiday and Rollo alone appeared to sit in idleness, but such impressions are very deceptive, for a great mind may be working out the greatest problems in seeming inactivity, studying and taking counsel with itself. In this instance Mr. Holiday was obviously thinking deeply, and Rollo was looking up into his face respectfully intent to hear what he would say when he had decided what his duty was.

Whatever decision one comes to, it is one's duty to follow it, was Mr. Holiday's fundamental maxim, for then, as he explained to Rollo, no one can ever criticize what one does with such a lofty motive. And Mr. Holiday, by declaring that he did everything from a sense of duty, did about what he pleased.

"I have decided," said Mr. Holiday. "My employers are now in bankruptcy, and I have invested the money they paid me while we were shut down in Liberty bonds. There is no work to be done on the farm which Jonas and you women can not do. The only dollar I see that I can earn is the dollar a year the government pays to men of my caliber for their services in Washington. I have decided to go to Washington and earn that dollar, and the word caliber I have just used makes it clear that I am peculiarly fitted for the Ordnance Bureau of the War Department. I shall therefore start to-morrow and take Rollo with me. My brother George is now in Washington as you all know, and can undoubtedly arrange a place for me on his commission.

If he cannot, another one can be easily established, of which as senior member I would be chairman. This being agreed upon," he added, "you, Jane," turning to Mrs. Holiday, "may pack my valise and Rollo's handbag, and you, Mary, may brush my best suit and our overcoats. If there is anything in particular you want to take with you, Rollo, you should speak of it now so that it will not be forgotten. If you want a thing, the best way to get it is to ask for it."

"Let me see," said Rollo, "I think I would like to take my compass that Jonas gave me."

"All right," said his father, "it won't take much room, but I don't see what you want of it."

"So that I could find my way back to New England," said Rollo.

"My son," said his father, "from Washington you couldn't find New England with ten compasses. It isn't on the map. But what else would you like to take?"

In the summer Rollo and the other children had organized a Natural History club and collected a great many specimens which Rollo took charge of as curator. He was very much interested in the collection and so he said, "I think I should like to take my cabinet of curiosities with me."

"No," said Mr. Holiday, "that would not be either convenient or necessary. It is very heavy, and there is one in Washington even more curious."

"Very well, sir, then the only thing I think of is my scrap book."

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“That will be very useful,” said his father.
“Washington is full of scraps these days. You will probably be able to fill it. And now, my son,” he added, “as we have to get up early, we will go to bed and pass a sleepless night.”

CHAPTER II

THE DEPARTURE

WHEN Big Ben the alarm clock said six o'clock the morning of the departure for Washington he did not really tell the truth but that was not his fault. During the week before the coal administrator had made an order for further light saving and said that the clocks must all be set ahead one hour, to which Mr. Holiday had patriotically conformed.

"But," said Rollo, when he heard of it, "how will this save any light in the morning when there isn't any light to save?"

"There isn't any coal either," said Mr. Holiday, "but we are ordered to save it just the same, and we must do all we can to help win the war."

"I think it must have been under consideration for some little time," said Rollo, "for just before school closed they were teaching us a song that began, 'Oh, say, cans't thou see by the dawn's early light?'"

"Not much at this time of year," said Mr. Holiday, which Jonas said was very true, and that he always used a lantern.

So it was on this morning, but when Mr. Holiday and Rollo came downstairs Jonas had made a fine

fire and Mrs. Holiday and Mary had prepared breakfast and arranged it appetizingly on the kitchen table as it was warmer near the stove.

"Please pass the milk, Jonas," said Mr. Holiday. He always said please to Jonas even though he was the hired man.

"It's a milkless day," said Jonas.

"Who said so?" asked Mr. Holiday with a slight frown.

"The cow," said Jonas. "Plumbin's froze."

"Why, Jonas, I am surprised," said Mrs. Holiday, while Mary blushed and looked down at her plate. "But I will make some war milk in just a moment," continued Mrs. Holiday. "I saw the recipe for it only yesterday and learned it by heart."

In a few moments she had prepared a pitcher full of a warm white liquid which all poured upon their cereal and consumed with evident enjoyment. Indeed the little lumps of corn starch looked very much like clots of thick cream.

Mr. Holiday insisted upon conversation at breakfast, a practice which, however uplifting, is not so generally followed as it might be. He therefore commented on the coldness of the weather.

"Yes," said Jonas, "it was cold. I guess," he added, turning to Rollo, "all four of the Northmen were busy last night."

"But you said there were only three Northmen," said Rollo.

"What is this?" said Mr. Holiday. "I don't think I understand."

"Jonas said, father," relied Rollo, "that there were three Northmen who made the cold, Jack Frost, Boreas, and Old Zero, and now he says there are four."

"How is that, Jonas?" said Mr. Holiday. "You have not been deceiving this youthful mind, I trust. Nothing is more deplorable in an adult."

"Three then, four now," said Jonas. "Dr. Garfield."

"Ah, yes," replied Mr. Holiday. "You see, Rollo, the explanation is entirely satisfactory."

"Yes," said Rollo, "entirely."

At the end of the simple but nourishing meal Mr. Holiday declared that he and Rollo must leave for the train as soon as Jonas could harness up.

By the time the travelers were in their overcoats and overshoes the jingle of sleigh bells was heard outside and Jonas drove Dobbin up to the door. Mr. Holiday put the baggage under the back seat and returned to the loving group beside the door.

"Farewell, Jane," he said, pressing a loving kiss upon her cheek. "Keep the home fires burning till my return."

"If Jonas will split the wood," said Mrs. Holiday.

"I'll 'plit it," said Thanny.

"Spoken like a man, my son," said his father. "And you, my daughter," he added, "be a comfort to your mother."

Mrs. Holiday and Mary then kissed Rollo good-by

and in a moment the jingling sleigh bells proclaimed the travelers were on their way.

At the railroad station Jonas left them, first receiving a few directions and suggestions from Mr. Holiday.

Mr. Holiday found two seats in the waiting room and left Rollo to watch the baggage while he went to buy the tickets and find out about the train.

"I find we have saved even more daylight than we thought, my son," he said on returning to the seat where Rollo was waiting. "I am informed that the train which should have left here yesterday morning is exactly twenty-four hours late, so to all intents to-day is yesterday. Do you understand that?"

"I think so, sir," said Rollo. "But did not President Lincoln once say the past at least is secure?"

"Very true, but that was a Republican administration," said his father. "We have changed all that. But the immediate bearing of the matter is this, that I have ample time to go across the street and see a man I want to see before the train comes, so I will leave you to watch the bags again till I return."

"Very well," said Rollo, and as he looked out of the window he saw his father go in through two swinging doors in a building across the street.

Not long afterwards Rollo saw his father approaching across the waiting room to take his seat.

He seemed very much pleased to see his son again and slapped him affectionately on the knee.

"Nobody stole you, did they, old scout," he said quite loudly. Rollo was a scout and did not mind.

"No," replied Rollo, "but I think I smell gasoline or something."

"I think it must be a tonic my friend insisted upon my taking," said Mr. Holiday. "I noticed it had an odor. I happened to tell him how cold it was driving and he thought it would be beneficial if I took some. He was quite right and I purchased a small quantity to have with me in case of emergency."

"What is it called," asked Rollo.

"Two Latin words, 'spiritus' and 'frumenti,'" said Mr. Holiday. "Literally translated that would mean 'grain juice,' I suppose."

"Like grape juice," said Rollo.

"Precisely," said his father. "It also has another and more vulgar name, derived from its toxic effects upon bacteria, of 'bug juice.' A proper amount put in water will make it entirely safe for drinking purposes, and for this reason I always carry some when traveling."

"That seems very wise," said Rollo.

"Your father's a wise guy, my son," said Mr. Holiday. "And now here's the train."

Sure enough, in rolled the great locomotive, panting and puffing and making macadoo from its exertions. Passengers got out and other passengers got in, among them Mr. Holiday and Rollo, who

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found seats half way down the aisle on the sunny side.

"All aboard!" shouted the conductor, and the wheels began to grind and turn. They were really started now, but as the train was one on the Boston and Maine Railroad further details of the trip to Boston were better left to the imagination, and the less said about them the better.

CHAPTER III

AT THE PARKER HOUSE

It was quite late in the afternoon when the slowness of the train increased and it came to a full stop. This had happened frequently during the day, but this time the conductor came in and said that it was Boston, and thoughtfully reminded the passengers to leave no articles in the car.

"Is this really Boston," asked Rollo. It did not look very different where they were from what it had in several of the other places where the train had stopped. There were no houses near that he could see, but then, it was quite dark and there was a good deal of smoke and steam in the air besides.

"There is no really Boston," said Mr. Holiday, as he helped Rollo down from the car to the long wooden platform to which he had already descended. "There is the North End, South Boston, Charlestown and other adjacent communities, and also the Back Bay, but that is the American quarter," said Mr. Holiday. "We are in Charlestown."

"But where do the Boston people live if there isn't any really Boston?" inquired Rollo. "There were some children boarding near our house last summer who said they lived in Boston."

"They probably lived in Brookline or one of the Newtons," replied Mr. Holiday.

"But I don't think I understand yet what it is that people call Boston," said Rollo.

"It is the air they breathe," answered Mr. Holiday, "and as most of it is east wind they are a pretty keen bunch."

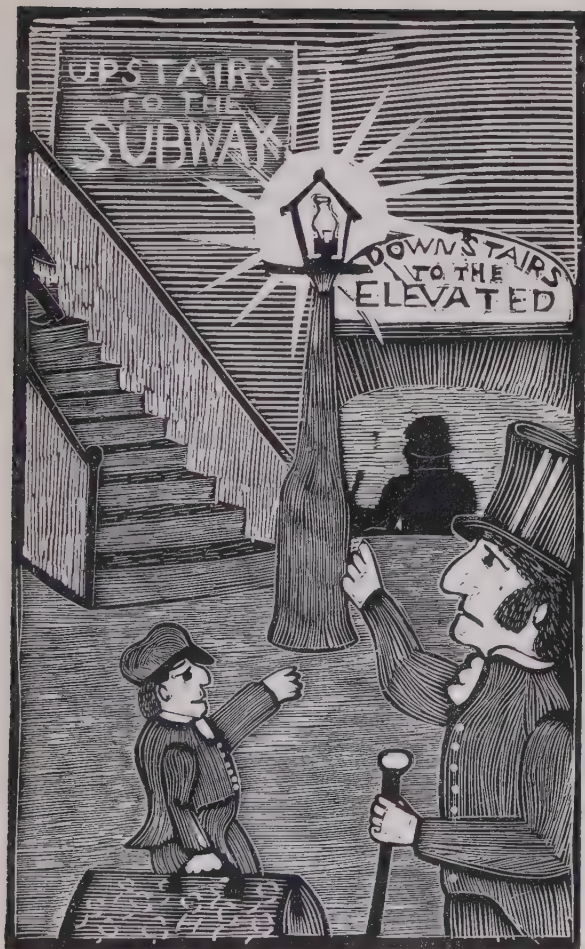
"I think I understand now," said Rollo, "but I do not understand why the train stops in Charlestown instead of in the station."

"The best view of Bunker Hill monument is to be had on our left from this platform, and since the administration has taken over the railroads it has ordered all trains stopped here so that the people may be sure to see it," answered Mr. Holiday.

"But I can't see it," said Rollo, "there is so much fog and smoke."

"You will find many measures of the administration obscured in like manner," replied Mr. Holiday. "But here we are in the station, and there by that lantern are the doors to the street."

Rollo had never been in a large city before, and though he held to his father as closely as he could he frequently collided with persons hurrying along in the darkness in the opposite direction. In a few moments they came to a place where another lantern was burning, lighting two signs with large hands painted on them. One sign said, "Up-stairs to the Subway," and the other said, "Downstairs to the Elevated," so that all one had to do was to decide whether one wished to go up or down. It is always



" ALL ONE HAD TO DO WAS TO DECIDE WHETHER
ONE WISHED TO GO UP OR DOWN "

the first step that counts, and so the most important one.

"That is strange," said Rollo as he perused the signs. "It tells you to go up-stairs to go down and down-stairs to go up."

"That is really Boston," said Mr. Holiday. "We will now go downstairs and go up to the Parker House. I have many pleasant recollections of it dating from my days at Harvard College."

"I thought Harvard College was in Cambridge," said Rollo.

"It is," said Mr. Holiday. "But there were certain courses which could be taken to much better advantage at the Parker House, and many of the students took them there. Jimmy was certainly some professor," added Mr. Holiday in a reminiscent manner.

"I thought it was Professor James," said Rollo.

"This one was known as Jimmy," said his father. "I hope he is still there."

"Who is the president of Harvard College, father," inquired Rollo. He also hoped to go to Harvard when he was old enough.

"Lawrence Lowell," said his father, "but he is since my time."

"I saw his name in the time table on the train," said Rollo. "Who was the president when you were in college?"

"Dr. Eliot," said Mr. Holiday, "a great and wise man."

"But I thought Eliot was an apostle to the Indians," said Rollo.

"He was," replied Mr. Holiday.

A short walk from where they left the car brought them to the Parker House, where a young person dressed in a sort of uniform was standing on the steps by the revolving door. As the travelers turned to come in, the young person extended a lantern to enable them to see the step more clearly, and said "Welcome to the Parker House" in a very pleasant voice. Inside the door two younger persons in a similar uniform appeared and at a word from the first one took the bags and walked with them to the desk, where they placed the bags upon the marble floor and stood beside them in a very erect position. Mr. Holiday looked at them more closely.

"Skirts, by thunder," he said, showing much astonishment in both voice and manner.

"We are not wearing them any longer, sir," said the taller of the young ladies, for such they really were.

"They can't be too short for me," replied Mr. Holiday approvingly, and turning to the clerk at the desk he asked if he could have a room assigned to him for the night's lodging.

"I think so," replied the clerk, offering Mr. Holiday a pen with which he might place his name on the register. "What name, Mr. ——?" He did not speak Mr. Holiday's name because he did not yet know it, but the inquiry showed an affable and hos-

pitiable interest which persons in such official positions should always endeavor to manifest.

"Holiday," replied Rollo's father, reaching for the pen.

"Not a Garfield," said the clerk, hastily withdrawing it.

"No, A. Lincoln," answered Mr. Holiday, writing his name with the pen which he had seized with a firm grasp, and turning the register so that the clerk might see it. "And son," he added.

"A half holiday," said the clerk, looking over at Rollo. "Well, I don't like your last name but seeing you've registered I'll let you have a room."

The two young ladies took the lighted candles which the clerk handed to them, and bags in hand preceded the travelers up the stairs to their room on the eighth floor.

After the travel stains had been removed from their persons and clothing and a few moments of quiet relaxation Mr. Holiday looked at his watch and saw that it was nearly supper time.

"I think we will go down now, Rollo," he said. "It occurs to me that I could improve the interval by calling on the Professor if he is still here," so taking their candles they retraced their steps to the ground floor of the hotel. Mr. Holiday led the way to a small room on the right where an elderly gentleman was standing behind a long desk or counter which went nearly the whole length of the room. The room itself seemed to be a sort of laboratory, as there were many glass receptacles and

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utensils on the shelves behind the desk which one sees in such places.

"Well, Jimmy, old top, here we are again," said Mr. Holiday.

"Sure and it's yerself, Mr. Holiday, and plazed to see ye I am," answered the gentleman, reaching his hand across the desk to grasp Mr. Holiday's.

"Rollo, this is my old friend the Professor. Professor, this is my oldest son Rollo," he continued. "And now, Rollo, I think it would be well for you to return to the lobby and wait for me there, as I wish to confer with the Professor on a number of matters."

"Any number you say till tin o'clock," said the Professor.

"What's the first one, what's new," said Mr. Holiday.

"Have you ever had a Ward Eight?" said the professor, whom we will now call Jimmy, as we have been properly introduced to him. Mr. Holiday said he never had and watched Jimmy carefully as he mixed a number of bright colored liquids in a tumbler. When it was quite full he dropped a small green leaf on the top and gave it to Mr. Holiday, who drank it. He was very thirsty from the long journey.

"That's good," said Mr. Holiday, "I feel better already."

"Two of thim would make ye feel like the nixt mayor of Boston," said Jimmy.

"I am on my way to Washington," said Mr. Holi-

day, "so such sensations would seem superfluous. But what have you in war cocktails?"

"Well," said Jimmy, "there's the Ulster cocktail, and you're a Protestan', I'm thinkin'. You might like one o' thim."

"What's in it?" asked Mr. Holiday.

"Irish whiskey, Belfast ginger ale and orange bitters," said Jimmy.

"I like gin in cocktails better," said Mr. Holiday.

"What is there in that variety?"

"There's the Home Rule," said Jimmy, "the bit of a shamrock pounded in the bottom of the glass, thin ould Tom, thin Dublin stout and cracked ice on the head of ut," said Jimmy.

"I think I will have one of each kind," said Mr. Holiday.

"Ye will not," said Jimmy. "There'll be no rough house here. They don't mix, not even in Boston. But I'll mix ye a little invintion o' me own I call the 'Hub.'"

"How is that made, Jimmy," inquired Mr. Holiday.

"Two-thirds ould Medford, one-third Three Star and a baked bean for a sinker," said Jimmy.

"I will try one with pleasure," said Mr. Holiday.

He drank the beverage when it had been prepared, and with a dexterous upward movement of the wrist succeeded in placing the bean upon his tongue so that he could swallow it also.

"From my present sensations I should call that a most efficient war cocktail," said Mr. Holiday.

"The name also seems well chosen, as the whirling impression of wheels is quite apparent already."

"Mr. Holiday," said Jimmy with great earnestness, "if I could pry a couple o' thim into Josephus he'd chase the submarines on to the flats."

"Which of course would be a great help in winning the war," said Mr. Holiday.

"It would," said Jimmy, "but the ould divil has stopped drinkin'."

Mr. Holiday then rejoined Rollo in the lobby, and as the doors to the dining room had now been opened, led the way into the spacious apartment.

"Ah, there is a man I know," exclaimed Mr. Holiday, and extended his hand with a pleasant smile to an approaching figure. Rollo looked up to see if he also knew the gentleman just as his father's outstretched fingers came in contact with the surface of a large mirror on the wall of the room. At the same moment his foot became entangled with the limb of a small table and he might have fallen and suffered severe injury if a head waiter had not come upon the scene and supported him by the elbow in a kindly manner.

"This way, sir," said the head waiter, and seated them at a small table by a window.

"An experienced traveler, my son," said Mr. Holiday, "will always drink of the beverages of the country in which he finds himself and consume its own peculiar viands. For that reason we will have codfish chowder, baked beans and brown bread and apple pie for our supper. You will have your

usual glass of milk, and I," he continued, turning to the waiter, "will have a 'Hub' while we are waiting. I find the pleasant whirling sensations the last one imparted are not as permanent as one would wish."

"Father," said Rollo, as they were waiting to be served, "it occurred to me while I was sitting in the lobby that every one here speaks in a different way from what we hear at home."

"They do," said Mr. Holiday.

"The Professor seemed the most different," continued Rollo, "but every one, even the pretty young ladies who carried our bags, speaks more the way he does than the way we do."

"That is true, my son," said Mr. Holiday. "What you refer to is the vestigia of the Erse tongue, which though ancient is still dominant in the Bostonese dialect along with its peculiar broad A. As in carf," added Mr. Holiday. "You will find it prevalent everywhere in the city except in what I have already referred to as the American or foreign quarter."

The waiter now brought Mr. Holiday's refreshing beverage which the latter drank at once, again succeeding in capturing the bean at the bottom of the glass. They were very hungry and enjoyed the good supper very much. Indeed, Rollo took a second cup of milk.

"What shall we do now," asked Rollo, as they went out to the lobby. "It is too dark here to read. Perhaps we could go to the movies."

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"We could," said Mr. Holiday, "but I do not think we will, for it would be quite a useless expense both of time and money. It is so near your bedtime that you would have to leave before the show was over, and things seem to be moving very pleasantly to me from here."

"Then we will sit here and continue our interesting conversation," said Rollo.

This they did until Rollo's bedtime. Mr. Holiday then got their candles from the desk and ascended to the room with his son. Rollo was quite tired and very glad to get into the comfortable bed.

"I find on examination of my valise," said Mr. Holiday, "that your good mother has forgotten to put in a nightcap, but I think I can borrow one of the Professor, so I will go down again and see. You will probably be asleep when I return."

"I did not know that you wore them, father," said Rollo.

"When traveling; good night, my son," said Mr. Holiday and left the room.

Mr. Holiday found the Professor still in the laboratory.

"How about a nightcap, Jimmy," he inquired.

"Ye've come to the right man, at the right place and just in time," replied Jimmy.

"Just in time," exclaimed Mr. Holiday, "why, it isn't ten o'clock yet."

"We close at ten," replied Jimmy.

"But the evening's still young," persisted Mr. Holiday.

"It'll be dead at tin o'clock just the same," said Jimmy.

"Then I certainly will need something to put me to sleep," said Mr. Holiday.

"I'll mix ye a 'Jim Curley,'" said Jimmy, and in a moment set before him a tall glass filled with a fizzing beverage. Mr. Holiday started to raise it to his lips but Jimmy interrupted him.

"The best is still to come," he said, as he stirred in a small quantity of a light colored liquid. "Now," he added.

"I never tasted anything like it," said Mr. Holiday, setting down the empty glass. "What ingredients are there in it, if I may inquire?"

"A slug of Irish, a dash of Tabasco and a split o' fizz," said Jimmy.

"But what was it you put in last," continued Mr. Holiday.

"Knockout drops," replied Jimmy.

"Then I would better be going to my room," said Mr. Holiday.

"Ye'll be walkin' in yer sleep if ye don't," said Jimmy. "But it will keep ye out of mischief any way. And now it's tin o'clock and all's well that inds well and good night to ye."

In due course Mr. Holiday arrived at his bedroom and disrobed as quickly as he could, for he found that Jimmy's remedy for sleeplessness was most efficacious. Indeed, the draught had been blended with such skillful nicety that he became quite unconscious the moment his head touched the pillow.

CHAPTER IV

IN BOSTON

ROLLO and his father slept very well indeed in spite of being in a strange bed. The younger traveler was the first to wake, and started to arise at once and wash his face and hands and brush his teeth as he had been brought up to do. The light was still rather dim and Rollo thought he would like to know what time it was, but on looking for his father's watch he found that his father had carefully hung it on the gas fixture, doubtless as a precaution against possible robbery, too high for him to reach it, and so was unable to advise himself of the hour. But he had not long to wait to learn. As he was looking out of the window he saw a trap door in the roof of a large building across the street thrown back, and a large policeman came up through it on to the roof. In his hand was a very large megaphone. He seemed to be quite out of breath at first, but in a few moments, after recovering it again, he looked at his watch and raised the megaphone to his mouth.

"Seven o'clock and all's well," called out the policeman, repeating it four times, once to each point of the compass. Then he took another long

breath. "This is a mateless day. Amen," he called again in the same way, and disappeared down into the City Hall again.

"That seems to me a very good idea," said Rollo to himself. "I have already learned two things, whereas if I had only heard a whistle blow I would have learned but one. It also reminds me of the way the Turks call to prayers in Constantinople, and so will keep me from forgetting that."

Mr. Holiday had not heard the calls as the Professor's nightcap was still pretty tight around his ears, but as Rollo knew that his father would wish to be up and attending to his affairs by seven, he gently roused him.

"Ring for a pitcher of ice water," said Mr. Holiday.

Rollo was very much pleased to be allowed to press the little button he had seen near the door and ran to the card of instructions above it to see what he should do.

"One for ice water," read Rollo.

"I want three pitchers," said Mr. Holiday.

"Three means towels," said Rollo, reading from the card.

"Don't want towels; cotton enough," replied his father.

So Rollo rang once and politely asked the young lady in uniform for the other two pitchers when she brought the first one.

Mr. Holiday was a little delayed in dressing as several of his articles of attire at first seemed to be

mis-laid, but Rollo's sharp eyes soon discovered them, all but the left shoe. For a time this seemed to be entirely lost, but Rollo happened to see a string hanging down against the wall below a large picture of a mother cat with kittens, and on going to look, there was the shoe behind the picture. After that it was not long before the travelers were all packed again and at the breakfast table.

Mr. Holiday was not very hungry and after seeing that Rollo was served with a simple but nutritious meal, said he would go and say good-by to the Professor, thus saving the moments which would have been wasted if he had sat idly by waiting for Rollo to finish. To his regret and surprise he found the door to the laboratory locked, and was much disturbed at the thought that his old friend might have taken ill suddenly or suffered some accident, until one of the young ladies in uniform told him that at present the Professor's office hours did not begin until nine o'clock.

"I regret that exceedingly," said Mr. Holiday. "I wished to say farewell to him, and at the hour you mention I shall be engaged in showing my son such points of interest in your city as we may have time for."

Rollo soon joined his father in the lobby, filled with food and anticipation.

"Can I get a taxi at the door?" asked Mr. Holiday, as he paid the bill at the desk.

"No," said the clerk, smiling affably, "I am afraid not; it's a cabless day."

"Then we will have to walk, my son," said Mr. Holiday, turning to Rollo.

"It's a footless day, too," said the clerk.

"That seems to be the general impression," replied Mr. Holiday.

"Now, Rollo, as we can get no cab, we will have to confine our observations to points of interest near at hand. Suppose we leave our bags here and walk down to State Street to see the old State House."

"I would like that very much," said Rollo.

"That is the City Hall," said Mr. Holiday, pointing to the large building where the policeman had been earlier in the morning. "Now that I remember it, we can go through it and save a good many steps."

They crossed the street and Rollo ran up the steps to open the swinging doors for his father.

"The other way, my son," said Mr. Holiday, taking hold of the door himself. "If you will observe the sign, which you did not do, you will see that it says 'Pull.'"

"But on the other side it says 'Push,'" replied Rollo, much interested in his first entrance into politics.

"Yes," said his father, "that is the way with all public office buildings. Pull to get in, and then you're pushed out again. Now if we keep on this way we will come out on Court Square by Young's Hotel."

This they did just as the clock struck nine.

"That reminds me," said Mr. Holiday, "I want to see Mr. Young a moment, so if you will remain here by this ash barrel I will soon rejoin you."

In a few minutes Mr. Holiday came out again from the hotel. Rollo had succeeded in finding several curiosities for his cabinet in the barrel, so the time had passed pleasantly.

"I hope you found Mr. Young," he said to his father.

"I did," replied Mr. Holiday, "and feel much more youthful myself. This is Court Street," he continued, "and this is Washington Street and that is the Old State House."

"Oh, look," said Rollo pointing upwards, "there is an Indian with a bow and arrows. And there are some words painted under him. What do they mean, father?"

"I am not certain," replied Mr. Holiday, examining the inscription with great attention, "for I confined my efforts while in college wholly to the modern languages, and this seems to be in Latin. But it is clear that the words must refer to the Indian, and I have no doubt but that a correct though somewhat free translation would be that there is no good Indian but a dead one."

"I guess that must be it," said Rollo, and then thinking it over for a moment, "but why don't they put a German up there instead of an Indian?"

"During the war and eighteen months after," mused Mr. Holiday. "Why not indeed?"

"And the motto could stay just as it is," continued

Rollo, much pleased that he should have thought of one more way to help win the war.

"The consensus of opinion would seem to be leading that way," said Mr. Holiday. "We will stop and see the mayor about it on our way back for our bags."

Rollo soon saw a bronze tablet on a near-by State Street wall and ran to look at it more closely.

"The Boston Massacre," he cried. "How terrible! What was that, father?"

"My memory is not accurate about the matter, my son, but my impression is that it has something to do with Tom Lawson and Friday the thirteenth."

Just then a handsome gentleman with a pink in his buttonhole passed by, and Mr. Holiday was so impressed with his appearance that he asked another gentleman standing on a doorstep beside them who the handsome gentleman was.

"That? That's Tom Lawson," he replied to the inquiry.

"Then he wasn't massacred?" cried Rollo, "I am glad of that."

"No, indeed, my boy," said the gentleman on the doorstep. "If there's any massacre going on on this street nowadays, Tom generally does it."

"And who is that gentleman?" inquired Mr. Holiday, as a broad-shouldered gentleman passed quickly by them and turned into a near-by door.

"That," said their new friend, "is one of three or four men in this town who did a damfool job in a level-headed way. His name is Storrow."

"Ah, yes," said Mr. Holiday. "Coal; I've heard of him."

"Diamonds," said the gentleman. "You'll hear more of him, and a few other people I could name will hear more from him one of these days when talking gets good. And now," he continued, "as I am getting so mad inside that I'd better not stay outside any longer, I will go up to my cold storage plant and cool off. Good morning." And the gentleman, whose face had grown quite red in the few moments he had been speaking, turned and hurried into the building.

"Now," said Mr. Holiday, "if we turn and go up Washington Street we can see Thompson's Spa."

"What is that?" asked Rollo.

"Herb. Hoover's idea of Heaven," replied his father. "Then we can turn up Bromfield Street to the Common, and from there we can see the present State House and the Somerset Club."

"And what is that, a gymnasium?" asked Rollo.

"No, I understand it is a very restful institution where effort is rather discouraged than otherwise," said Mr. Holiday.

"Then I would not care to belong," commented Rollo, who enjoyed his own gymnastic class immensely.

On Bromfield Street they passed under the British flag flying in front of the recruiting station, and as they did so Mr. Holiday lifted his hat and requested Rollo to raise his.

Rollo did so, but did not understand why an

American boy on his way to Boston Common should salute the British flag.

He finally asked the reason. "Please tell me, father, why we took our hats off to the British flag just now when we passed under it," he said.

"I will, and gladly," replied Mr. Holiday. "We took off our hats to that flag when we passed under it because it has been waving over our thick heads for four years now, and keeping them where we could wear our hats on them. If it wasn't for Old England, what with Germans, dictators of one kind or another and a few little things like that, New England would look as if a cyclone had struck it about now. And if that be treason, make the most of it, my son."

Rollo noticed with surprise that his father had turned nearly as red as the pleasant gentleman on State Street, but in a moment they came to the Common, where his attention was attracted by two approaching figures such as he had never seen before. They were very tall, which was one reason perhaps why their skirts looked so very short, and Rollo could hardly believe his shocked and astonished eyes when he saw that the brown knees below them were really bare. They wore feathers on the sides of their caps from which ribbons streamed behind, and yet attired as they were in all that made a woman in Rollo's experience, though somewhat immodestly, they were sucking briar pipes. He also noticed that each one of them had a little cross hanging from a ribbon on his coat.

As they passed Mr. Holiday lifted his hat as he had done to the flag and Rollo hastened to follow his example. The two young Kiltie officers returned their salutation in military manner and smiled pleasantly at Rollo, who hoped that he might grow as big and strong as they were.

"They *are* men," said Rollo, looking back at them, still with eyes round with amazement.

"You can bet your sweet young life they are," said Mr. Holiday, "and more power to 'em," and then explained how they were back from the war to help in getting new soldiers.

"And yet here it was on Boston Common that the Boston boys snow-balled the British soldiers," said Rollo, who had just got to that in his American history.

"It is not being done now," replied his father, "and the best authorities have decided that the boys who did that came from South Boston."

"I wonder," said Rollo, still thinking of the uniforms, "if they wear pants, too."

"No one knows," said Mr. Holiday, "and no one has ever dared to inquire."

"Well, I should think it would be pretty cold," said Rollo.

"I also, my son," said Mr. Holiday, "but the Scots are hardy men," he continued, buttoning a lower button of his overcoat.

Rollo was so much interested in the recruiting tents on the Mall with the bright colored posters and the groups of soldiers and sailors all about that it

took longer than Mr. Holiday had planned to walk the full length of it.

"That is the Little Building," said Mr. Holiday, as they turned to go over to the Frog Pond.

"But it is a very big building," said Rollo, looking up at it. "Why do they call a big building the Little building?"

"Possibly for the same reason that those who build small talk big," replied Mr. Holiday.

"I see," said Rollo.

"Do you?" said his father. "I am often unable to."

At the edge of the Frog Pond Rollo slipped and got one foot quite wet, which Mr. Holiday laughingly assured him baptised him a true Bostonian, though at the wrong end.

"And now," said Mr. Holiday, "let us return for our bags and get our dinner. Then we will go to the railroad station and see where do we go from here and when about it."

"Can't we go straight to Washington from Boston?" asked Rollo.

"Not during the war, and it's the worse the other way," answered Mr. Holiday. "We will therefore try to make New York our next destination, and if we succeed in getting across the New England line we will probably find things better."

"I wonder why that is," said Rollo.

"No annexations," replied Mr. Holiday.

"Will we have time to see the Mayor about changing the Indian," asked Rollo.

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"I fear not," said his father. "I have been figuring on the nine o'clock on the New Haven leaving at about three, and we will just about make it without undue haste."

And so it turned out.

Mr. Holiday's experience as a traveler stood them in good stead, for on arrival at the station they found the train would go in ten minutes, which gave them time enough for the purchase of tickets, newspapers and magazines, and some peanuts and bananas with which to pass away the time on the train.

Soon after getting comfortably seated they felt the wheels begin to move and before long had left the great city behind them, rumbling along through the war-swept landscape of New England.

The stations at the towns and villages through which they passed were deserted. No trains passed them going the other way. No smoke rose from the high factory chimneys, and but little from those of the humble dwellings clustered around them. Here and there thinly clad shivering children tottered back from the passing train, their little fingers grasping bits of coal they had picked up from the roadbed, or scrambled for broken food tossed from the dining-car ahead. On the country roads gaunt horses staggered, drawing faggots to the near-by farm-houses.

When the train stopped at Providence a secret service officer came into the car with two soldiers following him. "Passengers will turn over all

newspapers and other treasonable documents to my men; War Department orders," he announced.

Mr. Holiday was reading an interesting editorial on Wedge-driving in the *Rescript* when the officer came to his seat.

"I have not quite finished," said Mr. Holiday.

"You have now," said the officer, taking the paper.

"The hand of Providence," said Mr. Holiday, pleasantly.

"It's the *Journal* we're layin' for," growled the officer, as he passed along.

At New London no sign of shipping was to be seen, either in the river or in the Sound. At New Haven a few pale young men wearing spectacles came aboard the train. Two of them sat down across the aisle from Rollo and looked so longingly at the banana he had left and the peanut bag that he handed them over to them. With a word of thanks they snatched them from his hand and devoured them, ravenously. The other young men had dropped off to sleep as soon as they had taken their seats, and these two did so in turn after they had eaten.

It had grown too dark to read in the unlighted car, and it was not long before both Rollo and his father had followed the example of the others. The next thing they knew the train had come to a stop and a voice with a strong foreign accent shouted out "Bronnix!"

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"I don't mind," murmured Mr. Holiday, rousing himself.

"What did he say?" asked Rollo, rubbing his eyes.

His father was now wide awake again.

"New York," said Mr. Holiday.

CHAPTER V

AN ADVENTURE IN NEW YORK

MR. HOLIDAY was much pleased that they had finally crossed the frontier and reached comparative safety, though of course he understood that in time of war, with three or four dictators all dictating to their typewriters at once, no one can tell just what may happen. He had not told Rollo of his anxiety, as he did not wish to alarm him unnecessarily, but as the train started up again he told him how he had been afraid that an embargo on passengers might be established before they got through.

"What is an embargo?" asked Rollo.

"An act of God," replied Mr. Holiday, reverently.

"I noticed," said Rollo, as he thought of the journey, "so many of the places we came through were called 'New.' There was New London and New Haven,—that is where they make the rifles, isn't it, father?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Holiday. "There and at Bridgeport: and typewriters and other deadly weapons also."

"And then there was New Rochelle, and now we are in New York," continued Rollo. "Why is that?"

"On account of the New Freedom," replied his

father. "The Administration will try anything once, so everything is new these days."

"I see," said Rollo. "And I have heard of New Jerusalem," he added. "Perhaps we passed through while we were taking our naps."

"No," answered Mr. Holiday. "That is merely another name for New York. You see those two gentlemen over there?" Mr. Holiday pointed to two dark gentlemen who had come on the train when it stopped and were now sitting just ahead, spraying conversation at each other very earnestly. "Those two gentlemen are undoubtedly residents and speaking one of the local dialects."

Rollo listened with much interest to the two gentlemen as he had never seen or heard a New Yorker before.

"They speak even differently from the way they talked in Boston," he said, turning to his father. "They seem to be talking with their hands too."

"They couldn't talk at all without 'em," said Mr. Holiday. "When we get into the station we shall undoubtedly see further instances of that peculiarity."

"I couldn't understand what they said at all," continued Rollo. "Could you, father?"

"I did not listen closely," said Mr. Holiday, "but I am quite sure that the one by the window told the other one that he must pay up by Saturday, and that the other replied that if he did it would be a preference. They are very conscientious in business affairs."

"Of course," cried Rollo, "honesty is the best policy."

"There are other good companies over here," replied his father. Just at this moment the train stopped in the great railroad station, and all the passengers who had been standing in the aisle since the last stop now rushed to the front door of the car. A pleasant-faced, middle-aged lady fainted as the pressure increased, but as she fell sideways into an empty seat the episode caused no disturbance and her place in the aisle was immediately filled.

"And yet they want to vote," said a large gentleman just ahead of Mr. Holiday in the aisle.

Rollo found himself close beside two young men very expensively dressed and was so placed that he could not avoid hearing what they said.

"Where do you go from here, Bill?" asked one.

"Jack's," answered the other. "Gotta date for a bird and a few bubbles with a chicken."

Rollo knew what all the words meant separately, but he found that they did not convey any meaning at all to him when coördinated, so when he and his father finally reached the platform of the station he started to ask him about it.

"I also heard the young man," said Mr. Holiday. "He was speaking in another New York dialect in which pictorial suggestion is combined with English words. It is the picture rather than the word in which the true expression of the phrases used is found. Applying these principles it appears that the young man told his friend that he was going to

have supper with a young lady, and as I am rather hungry, I quite envied him."

"But can he have chicken for supper to-day?" asked Rollo. "I thought to-day was a —"

"No close season in New York," said Mr. Holiday. "Now," he added, "let us find our way out to the street. They seem to have changed things since I was here before."

As Mr. Holiday was looking about him a colored gentleman, by which of course is meant a gentleman of African descent, stepped up to the travelers, smiling pleasantly.

"Guide, sah?" he asked.

"I rather think I need one," replied Mr. Holiday. "Things seem very strange to me. But aren't you Guides something new, George?"

"Since de gov'nment tuk over de trains, sah," replied George. "Fust dey done tuk one train over hyar and put her dere, and den dey tuk another train over dere and put her hyar, and den dey tuk some mo' trains over and put 'em where de passengers can't find 'em no ways, and den dey had us Guides come."

"I see," said Mr. Holiday. "Then you will please take our bags and guide us to the street."

"Sorry, sah," replied George, "but I's only first aid, I can't take no bags. Dat's for de po'ter; I takes you to him."

"But couldn't you show us to the street if we carry the bags ourselves?" asked Mr. Holiday, who was familiar with the operations of trusts.

"Lan' sakes, sah, I don' know de way to de street," replied the guide. "I's been down hyar since mornin'."

It was a long and crooked way they had to go before they finally came to the porter. Mr. Holiday paid George the guide for his assistance and then the porter took the bags and carried them until they came to the foot of an iron stairway, when he set them down.

"De street po'ter'll be along presently," he said.

"Do you mean to tell me that I am supposed to employ another porter from here?" inquired Mr. Holiday.

"Yessir, dat's de system," replied the porter.

"I now understand how it would feel to give no quarter," said Mr. Holiday, passing a coin to the porter, "and we will carry on ourselves the rest of the way."

Mr. Holiday came to this decision not from any ungenerosity of mind, but because of his natural love of freedom and abhorrence of anything savoring of autocracy, and by doing so brought about an interesting and not unprofitable adventure which would not have occurred if he had not been carrying his own valise through the station.

At the top of the stairway he noticed a stout man standing at one side, conspicuously inconspicuous. He wore spectacles down over which was pulled the brim of his soft felt hat, so concealing the upper part of the face, while his pulled-up coat collar concealed the lower part. He was peering through his

glasses at the passersby as if he were looking for some one, and as Mr. Holiday and Rollo came up he looked at them and their bags very closely. As they went by, the stranger followed in behind them, quickly passed, and then stopped and turned towards them a little distance ahead. As they passed again he looked even more closely at Mr. Holiday's valise. Rollo noticed the stranger's unusual behavior and looked up to his father.

"I wonder what he wants," said Rollo.

"I don't know," said Mr. Holiday, "but if we pay no attention to him he will probably come and tell us. A German hates not to be noticed."

"Oh," cried Rollo, "is he a German? A spy?"

"The veil of secrecy surrounding him leads me to think so," replied Mr. Holiday. "This time I think he will say something." He was quite right. The stranger came up behind them again, and as he reached Mr. Holiday's elbow whispered "Ein, Zwei, Drei," and as he passed blew his nose three times very loudly. Mr. Holiday was very glad that he had studied German at college as it now enabled him to understand what the spy, for such the man really was, had said, and make correct reply. "Ja," said Mr. Holiday at once, and blew *his* nose three times equally loudly.

Again the stranger waited for them to pass and again whispered in Mr. Holiday's ear, at the same time placing his right forefinger on the right side of his nose. This time he said "Der Tag."

"Ja," again replied Mr. Holiday, placing his own right forefinger on the right side of his own nose.

Rollo was much mystified and excited by all this, and even more so when the spy came up a third time and whispered again, this time at greater length.

"Colossal! Du bist wie eine Blume! Der booombs?" As he said this he pointed to Mr. Holiday's valise.

"Ja," said Mr. Holiday, nodding and smiling pleasantly.

"Right is it," exclaimed the spy excitedly. "By der cigarss." This time he passed on without turning back and was soon lost in the passing crowds of persons on their way to and from the trains.

"Now, father," said Rollo, who was nearly bursting with excitement, "please tell me what he said."

"It was all rather sketchy," said Mr. Holiday, "but he thinks I have a bagful of booombs for him. He thinks I am a daisy to have come through with them and wants me to meet him at the cigar stand."

"Will you do it?" asked Rollo, quite overcome with wonder at what was on foot.

"Certainly," answered his father, "I always like to finish anything I begin. I see our friend awaiting me now, so if you will wait here a few minutes I will carry on with our adventure."

"But what are you going to do?" asked Rollo.

"I do not know yet," answered Mr. Holiday, "but an old New York folk song occurred to me a

few moments ago and suggested a possible line of action. We will see," he continued.

As the spy saw Mr. Holiday approaching, valise in hand, he became very much excited, and as he came nearer clicked his heels together and saluted in a very impressive manner.

"Your disguise is perfect," said Mr. Holiday, "and the code even more so."

"I vill haf dem zo," replied the spy. "You haf de booombs?"

"You have the money?" inquired Mr. Holiday in reply.

"Ja," answered the spy, and reached his hand for the valise.

"Very well then," continued Mr. Holiday, raising his voice and the valise at the same moment, "ten thousand dollars or I drop the bag!"

"Der double cross," exclaimed the spy, leaping backward.

"The come-across," replied Mr. Holiday, raising the valise a little higher still.

"Der innocent beebles! It vill be frightfulness," cried the spy again.

"You won't know about it, so don't let that delay you," answered Mr. Holiday.

"And I haf a degoration to gif you mit," said the spy, tears coming to his eyes as he thought of his much abused confidence.

"You will make the decorating if I drop this bag," said Mr. Holiday. "Come, my son is waiting for me, and it is nearly his bedtime." Mr. Holiday's



“ HE . . . SALUTED IN A VERY IMPRESSIVE
MANNER ”

firmness had its due effect, and sighing deeply, the spy produced a large pocket book with the German coat of arms embossed on it, from which he took one of several large packages of bills.

“Little scraps of paper,
Little grains of sand,”

hummed Mr. Holiday as he carefully examined the money to make certain that it was not counterfeit and that the amount was correct.

“And now der booombs,” said the spy, again reaching for the valise.

“I said nothing about booombs,” replied Mr. Holiday. “I only referred to bags; you made the rest up yourself.”

“And you zo respectable look,” said the spy, sighing deeply.

“You never can tell,” replied Mr. Holiday reassuringly, and went to rejoin Rollo.

“Now, my son,” he said as they started to the door to the street, “we will take a taxi down to the Waldorf instead of walking over to Child’s.”

This they did, and with the patriotic aid of the chauffeur, the room clerk, several head waiters, and two young ladies from the South who happened to be in the Palm Room out of sheer homesickness, and mistook Mr. Holiday for the Congressman from their district, he was able to put a substantial amount of the tainted money of the treacherous enemy into active and helpful circulation before he went to his room, where Rollo had preceded him earlier.

CHAPTER VI

AT THE WALDORF

NOTHING is more conducive to sound sleep than filling the mind with happy thoughts in the period just before retiring. Mr. Holiday always made it his rule to do this when away from home, and made no exception to it on the night of his arrival in New York. As is often the case, one happy thought led to another, and the two young ladies from the South who had mistaken Mr. Holiday for the Hon. Claudius P. Nutt of North Carolina were some happy little thinkers themselves. Of course, after Mr. Holiday had told them his real name later in the evening they saw their mistake, but they kept on calling him "Hon." all through the rest of the time they were together. Although the young ladies said they were strangers in the great city they seemed to know all the places to go, so one happy thought after another was carried out until the last taxi carried them to their apartment and Mr. Holiday back to the hotel. Indeed, his mind was so well stored with happy thoughts that one of them was on the tip of his tongue when he woke up.

"Chicken," he murmured, "a sandwich!"

When the travelers left their room to go down to

breakfast they were in considerable doubt whether to go to the right or to the left down the long corridor to find the elevator, and there was no guide at hand as there had been in the railroad station to show them the way.

"Perhaps my compass will show us," suggested Rollo.

"An excellent idea, my son," said his father. "It is very fortunate you thought to bring it with you."

Rollo had learned the use of the compass from his scout-master, and immediately noticed that the needle pointed to the letter E toward the left.

"See, father," he cried, "the compass points to E in this direction, so the elevator must be there."

"It would certainly seem so," replied Mr. Holiday, and so it proved, much to Rollo's gratification.

It happened to be a different elevator from the one they had taken when Rollo had gone up to bed, so neither he nor his father recognized their surroundings when they got out at the ground floor.

"Let us consult the compass again," said Mr. Holiday. "It has served us well so far." Rollo took out his compass, and as he held it on the palm of his hand observed that the needle pointed directly ahead of him, and again, strangely enough, to the letter E on the dial.

"Eats," said Mr. Holiday. "We will go in that direction." Which they did and soon came to the breakfast room where Mr. Holiday put in patriotic circulation six dollars and forty-three cents including the war tax; the Austrian reserve officer who waited

on them retaining the balance of the ten for his services in administering the food supply.

"Isn't that rather more than the usual percentage?" inquired Mr. Holiday.

"Not on war orders, sir," replied the waiter, placing the change in his waistcoat pocket, "and the Local Administration," pointing to a button on his coat, "has established it at the current rate."

"Then it must be all right," said Mr. Holiday, "and it will undoubtedly lower consumption. Mine feels lower already."

"Now," he said, as he and Rollo came into the office of the hotel, "suppose you sit here while I send a telegram to your Uncle George in Washington so that he will be sure to meet us when we arrive this evening. You can watch the interesting people and perhaps familiarize yourself still further with the different New York dialects if you listen in a little."

"That will be very instructive," answered Rollo, and with eyes and ears wide open he sat back into a big leather-covered chair beside a great marble pillar, where he could see everything that was going on and not be in the way of older persons.

Mr. Holiday went over to a little window behind which a beautiful young lady was sitting reading a magazine with the picture of another even more beautiful young lady on the cover of it. He hesitated to interrupt her reading, but as she did not seem to notice that he was standing there, Mr. Holiday finally coughed slightly and said, "I am sorry

to trouble you, but I would like to send a wire to my brother in the War Department."

At this the young lady looked up from her book and said, "Uh-huh," with a slight frown.

In reply to her remark Mr. Holiday repeated what he had just said.

"I heard you," answered the young lady. "Nothing doin'. No wires to the War Department this side of Cleveland."

"Then I will try to reach him on long distance," said Mr. Holiday. "I thank you very much."

"Uh-huh," said the young lady again, and returned to the hero whom she had left clinging to the periscope of the submarine he was about to blow up with the rubber tube full of nitro-glycerine he had wrapped around his strong young body.

Another beautiful young lady was at the telephone desk a little farther on. She was not busy, as she had just finished doing her nails when Mr. Holiday stepped up.

"I would like to talk to Washington," he said.

"That's what they all say," replied the young lady with a pleasant smile. "I am very sorry, but I am afraid you can't do it."

"Why is that? Are the wires down?" Mr. Holiday inquired.

"No," she answered, "it is because Washington doesn't want to be talked to."

"I understand; it prefers to do all the talking itself," replied Mr. Holiday, grasping the situation.

"And then some," said the young lady. "But I'll tell you what you can do," she continued. "Go down into the basement to the new Garabed Company's station and you can talk right to your friend yourself."

"Ah, yes," exclaimed Mr. Holiday, "that recent Armenian invention. I wonder why it is located in the basement."

"The Turkish ambassador comes here frequently," replied the young lady; "and sometimes the war gets on his nerves."

Mr. Holiday followed the advice she had given him and soon found the new plant with another young lady in an Oriental costume in charge of it.

"I would like to talk to my brother in Washington," he said.

"Very well, sir; that will be one dollar for three minutes. If you would like to see him at the same time, that will be a dollar more."

"I would like to see him very much," said Mr. Holiday, "so we'll say two dollars' worth," handing her the money.

"And fifty cents for priority," continued the young lady.

"Priority?" questioned Mr. Holiday, looking about him. "I do not see any one ahead of me, and if there were any one, I would willingly wait for my turn. Priority over whom?"

"Over the person coming after you," replied the young lady.

"Very well," replied Mr. Holiday, handing over

the surtax as she handed him his little blue card, "now I will talk to my brother."

"Number two, please," said the fair Armenian, pointing to a booth. "Set the dial hand on Washington, think of your brother and talk into the transmitter. When he answers look in the mirror on the left."

"Will he be able to see me also?" inquired Mr. Holiday.

"No, but the 1919 model will let him," she replied, and just as the next three minutes elapsed Mr. Holiday came out of the booth, having had a very pleasant talk with his brother George, who looked very well in his new khaki, but a trifle stouter.

"Uncle George will meet us and take us to his lodging," Mr. Holiday reported to Rollo when he rejoined him. "Thanks to a wonderful new invention I have been able to talk with him and see him in his new uniform. I don't quite understand though why he needs to wear spurs sitting in an office."

"Perhaps it is to speed up his Bureau," suggested Rollo.

"Possibly, though I would rather suppose casters for that," replied his father. "But we civilians should not be critical of our fighting men. Now, my son, how have you passed the time? You can proceed to tell me while I rest a few moments before we start out to see what may be seen."

Mr. Holiday sat down in another big chair beside Rollo and listened attentively.

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"Well," said Rollo, "I was so much interested in the different dialects that I desired to listen as much as I could without seeming to be rude."

"Quite right," said Mr. Holiday. "What did you get in on?"

"First," continued Rollo, "two gentlemen came and sat down right next to me, one in that chair you are in. Then they began to talk very low. It was different from what we heard on the train and I could not understand it any better either. It sounded to me a good deal like the way the German spy talked. Do you suppose they could have been spies too?"

"They may have been," said Mr. Holiday, "but there is nearly an even chance that they were German-American citizens speaking American-German. It sounds just like German when spoken, but when written or printed the more frequent use of the hyphen denotes the difference."

"I think that is what it must have been. They backfired a good deal, and that must have been the hyphens," answered Rollo. "And then," he continued, "there were two gentlemen who sat over there and talked. They sounded a good deal like soda water. And they kept jumping up and down," he added.

"Those may have been Bohemians from the Village," said Mr. Holiday, "but being in this hotel, probably not. I would say Poles, speaking American-Polish from your description. It was certainly one of the more explosive dialects."

"Then perhaps it was American-Russian," suggested Rollo.

"You mean Bolshevik," corrected his father. "That is one of them to be sure, but it generally explodes backwards, so only those far in advance of modern thought venture to use it. But did you not hear any real English spoken?"

"Once," answered Rollo promptly. "One gentleman said the street was bullish on W. C. T. U. and his friend with him said he was long on Y. M. C. A. but I didn't understand what that meant either."

"That was not English; that was Wall Street," replied Mr. Holiday, "and it may prove to be very valuable information, so I will remember it."

"But, father," said Rollo, "doesn't any one in New York speak English, the way we do?"

"Only a few of the old families," said his father, "and just among themselves. And they go short on the A," he added. "Wall Street has affected even them."

As he spoke a tall gentleman who had looked over to where Rollo and his father were sitting crossed to them. Rollo noticed that he wore a great many different kinds of buttons, and that he was smiling very pleasantly. Mr. Holiday jumped from his chair as he in turn saw the gentleman, who seized him by the hand with a hearty grasp of his own.

"Well, you old farmer," exclaimed the newcomer, "how did you dig your way out? And who is this young man, not Rollo, as tall as that?" he added, shaking Rollo by the hand also.

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"Yes, that is Rollo," said Mr. Holiday. "This is indeed an unexpected pleasure, John," he continued, "for we are here for but a few more hours on our way to Washington. Rollo, this is my class-mate John Spriggins, of whom you have heard me speak frequently. We took several courses together with the Professor. John," turning to his old friend, "do you still keep up your interest? If you do, we might —"

"I do," said Mr. Spriggins, "at intervals, and there will be one shortly, but I want to hear a little about yourself first."

Mr. Spriggins took Rollo's chair while Rollo went to look out of the window, and the two friends were quickly engaged in talking over old times and acquaintances.

"I see, John," said Mr. Holiday, "that you are much interested in the war work that is being undertaken," glancing over the different insignia his friend was wearing.

"Button, button," replied Mr. Spriggins, running his fingers up and down his waistcoat.

"That is what made me speak," said Mr. Holiday. "I am familiar with some of them, but you have a number there I have never seen before. I suppose there are a great many new orders and societies now on account of the war."

"These are only a few of 'em," answered Mr. Spriggins. "Here's another one I wear in my hat, the 'Over the Top,' and I have another kind, a full set of 'em, for my suspenders."

"What does it say on them?" inquired Mr. Holiday.

"Support the Administration," replied Mr. Spriggins. "In that way I am reminded of it every morning."

"If buttons are the acid test," commented Mr. Holiday, "I don't see how La Follette keeps his up at all. But there is one bunch we all belong to in spite of ourselves," he added, pointing to a white button with H. C. L. on it."

"That one? That's the Hoover Culinary League, but this one," continued Mr. Spriggins, "is the real thing." He threw back his coat and pointed with pride to a red button with a black V on it, which he wore on the left side of his waistcoat.

"What is that one?" asked Mr. Holiday.

"The Vigilantes," whispered Mr. Spriggins. "We hunt down spies."

Feeling sure that his friend would be interested, Mr. Holiday proceeded to tell him of the adventure of the bombless bag, at which Mr. Spriggins laughed heartily.

"For that," he said, "I will have to introduce you to a new game the Vigilantes have invented. It is called Hi-spy, and it is not only very amusing but helpful in our work also. Just tell Rollo to wait for us and I'll take you in to the bar and show you."

"I will follow you with pleasure," said Mr. Holiday, giving Rollo the scout sign to remain where

he was, "and I think the sun must certainly be over the yard-arm by now."

Mr. Spriggins led the way to the room he had called the bar, where quite a number of gentlemen were standing by a long counter on which the attendants placed the refreshing beverages they requested.

"Now," said Mr. Spriggins when the two friends had finished theirs, "for the game," saying which he shouted "Achtung" very loudly, whereupon three gentlemen dropped their glasses from their hands as they raised them to their hats and clicked their heels together, taking very erect positions. "Only three," said Mr. Spriggins. "Between five and six one can generally land a dozen."

"Do you think these are all spies?" inquired Mr. Holiday, and then without stopping for an answer exclaimed, "That second one looks like my spy except for the beard!"

"Probably camouflage," replied Mr. Spriggins. "I will investigate."

"But what can we do?" asked Mr. Holiday. "There are three of them and only two of us."

"There is no danger," said Mr. Spriggins. "They will stand there until they get another order. The sudden and unexpected command seems to bring on a sort of shell shock. Ah, as I supposed," he continued, snapping the spy's false beard back on its elastics. "That's the very man," cried Mr. Holiday, "and I have no doubt he has been shadowing me and my innocent child. Oh, you Hun, you mon-

ster, you wolf in sheep's clothing, you —" As Mr. Holiday hesitated for a correct choice of words the spy began to sob bitterly, for the Germans are a very sensitive and sentimental people.

"Dey vas not off de sheep, and you haff no rights to call dose names at me. I kann nicht bear id! I am no vulluf! Ach, Kamerad, Kamerad!" These broken phrases he spoke in tones of deepest anguish.

"That will do, Fritz," interrupted Mr. Spriggins. "I will take charge of him now, old man," he added, turning to Mr. Holiday. "Your identification settles it and he will trouble you no more."

"But what are you going to do with him?" inquired Mr. Holiday.

"Hang him," said Mr. Spriggins. "There's a lamp post right at the corner. You can come along if you want to, and perhaps Rollo would like to see it."

"I am afraid we haven't time," said Mr. Holiday, looking at his watch, "and I am going to take the boy to the Aquarium anyway. But it has been fine to see you again. Good-by."

"Good-by, old man," replied Mr. Spriggins. "Vorwärts Fritz, and you can leave out the goose step."

"And de propaganda not yet —" sobbed the spy as he disappeared through the farther door, while Mr. Holiday went back to Rollo whom he found carving his initials on the marble pillar by the big leather chair.

CHAPTER VII

IN NEW YORK

MR. HOLIDAY at once explained to Rollo why it had been necessary to leave him alone, and told him about the new game and the discovery of the wicked spy. Rollo was much interested in the game which he thought would be great fun, and was also very glad to hear that Mr. Spriggins had taken off the spy to hang him, for he had heard that Germans were sometimes unkind to little boys and girls and had been a little worried that the spy might attempt some revengeful act to annoy them.

"But now, my son," said Mr. Holiday, "we will have the rest of the time together without interruption. I would be glad to take you to the Zoo and also to the Aquarium, but they are at opposite ends of the city and there is not time for both. Which would you prefer to go to?"

"It is a meatless day," said Rollo, "so I suppose we had better go and see the fish."

"That is most thoughtful and patriotic of you, my boy," said Mr. Holiday, "and as a reward I shall buy you a globe of gold fish to take home on our return."

This pleased Rollo immensely. He had often tried to keep minnows in a pickle bottle but they

had always died on him in a day or two in spite of all the bread and worms he would drop in to them.

"We will go over to Broadway and walk up a few blocks," said Mr. Holiday as he turned up the cross street on which they had come out from the hotel. "It is colder than I thought. Did you happen to notice the thermometer?"

"Yes," said Rollo. "It was just at thirty-two."

"It would require less fortitude if it were ten degrees higher," replied his father, turning up his coat collar. "This is Broadway," he added, as they turned into the great thoroughfare. "As we proceed we may see some very famous and interesting personalities, though their habits are more generally nocturnal."

As they walked along they became more and more conscious of certain strange sounds they could hear at intervals above the noises of the street. Now they rose high above the rumble of the traffic, penetrating and discordant as the shrill cries of the Warrior Maids themselves. The sounds came mostly from a building across the street, though others of like nature came from all sides, the echoes resounding back into a chaos of vibration.

"This is terrific," said Mr. Holiday. "What is going on over there?" he inquired of a young man standing on a near-by step.

"Over There," replied the young man.

"Over there," said Mr. Holiday in a louder voice, pointing across the street. "What are they doing?"

"Playing it," said the young man. "This is the musical solar plexus of New York," he went on, with some pride of manner. "In that one building there are seventeen Jazz studios, six Hungarian orchestras, five Coon Bands and a pianola show room, besides the Graphophone Company on the ground floor."

"Ah, that would account for it," answered Mr. Holiday.

"Sure," replied the young man, "and I suppose that if you threw a brick through any window in either block along here you'd hit some composer pushin' out war stuff."

"Oh, let me throw it," exclaimed Rollo.

"It certainly creates a warlike atmosphere," commented Mr. Holiday. "No, Rollo," he added, taking from him a jagged pebble Rollo had kicked out of the pavement, "our friend's remark was only metaphorical."

"And up here," continued the young man, "used to be the best little old rag factory in town. I ran it."

"It is not shut down," exclaimed Mr. Holiday in surprise. "I understood the Army was taking all the rags it could get at highest prices."

"Not my kind," answered the young man. "They wouldn't touch my stuff at all. You see, my name is Berlin."

"Why not change it?" suggested Mr. Holiday.

"It's copyrighted," replied Mr. Berlin.

"That is indeed unfortunate," replied Mr. Holi-

day. "What will you do until the war is over?"

"Draw royalties," said Mr. Berlin. "They're still running."

"Our great democracy will make them run faster than ever," replied Mr. Holiday with patriotic emphasis.

"I hope so," said Mr. Berlin.

"Tell me," said Mr. Holiday, "if we are not detaining you, is not that Mr. Bryan approaching?"

"No," said Mr. Berlin, "but he is kind of open-faced, isn't he? That's Beechum Tulliver, the well-known author of the tragedy 'Single Beds,' the comedy 'Double Beds,' and the farce 'Folding Beds.' He is now engaged on a war play to be called 'Garden Beds.'"

"He sounds like a carpenter," said Rollo.

"He is, my boy," said Mr. Berlin. "There's Bill now," he continued, pointing to a gentleman talking to himself as he walked along. "He's been around about a week now trying to book up for the short time, but they don't seem to want him this year. His trick dove got away from him."

"Why doesn't he go into the movies?" inquired Mr. Holiday.

"They couldn't gag him," said Mr. Berlin. "No silent drama for Bill."

"I suppose not," said Mr. Holiday. "And now," he continued, "may I not offer you my thanks for your courtesy and the information you have given us?"

"You may," said Mr. Berlin, "though it is not

customary in this part of the city. Where do you go from here?"

"I had planned to go over to Fifth Avenue to let my son see the famous thoroughfare, and then take him to the Aquarium by the subway," replied Mr. Holiday.

"There's more lobsters right around here," said Mr. Berlin. "Look out, kid, and don't let the sharks bite you," he added, shaking Rollo's hand.

"Oh, could they!" cried Rollo.

"Not if you keep off Wall Street," said Mr. Berlin.

Mr. Holiday turned east at the next cross street, and as they left the busy musicians and composers behind them they were soon able to converse without raising their voices. Indeed, when they arrived at the corner it seemed as if they had come into a different world, it was so comparatively peaceful despite the grim suggestions of warlike activities on every hand.

One steady procession of automobiles rolled along towards the First Aid station at the Plaza, another long procession coming down from that direction, the Pomeranians and poodles on the front seats barking shrilly at each other as they passed. In some of the great cars sat elderly ladies in their woolen shawls knitting busily. In some of the others sat younger ladies in their sealskin coats also knitting busily or rolling bandages on the smooth velvet lap robes. In still others were even younger ladies in their Russian sables, black fox or ermine,

the jewels on their busy fingers flashing as their knitting needles clicked. In the midst of the procession a great tank came lumbering along, the muzzles of its frowning guns filled with long-stemmed American Beauty roses, a bevy of long-stemmed buds dressed like the Goddess of Liberty-down-the-Bay sitting on the roof, quite fearless of the crawling caterpillars on either side. Everywhere were cars, from Tin Lizzies to Limousines, filled with ladies in one kind of uniform or another and not an idle hand in sight, an inspiring demonstration of the latent energies of a great democracy when properly directed towards the problems of transportation and production.

Rollo noticed that all the chauffeurs were young ladies as well as the passengers, and called his father's attention to it.

"Isn't there some way to say lady chauffeur without saying it?" asked Rollo. "It seems a clumsy expression."

"Chiffonier is the feminine form," replied Mr. Holiday. "And have you also observed that whereas we saw no ladies on Broadway, we now see no men on Fifth Avenue?"

"Yes, sir," said Rollo, "I had. Why is it, I wonder?"

"It is the greatest lingerie emporium in the world," replied his father who rather prided himself on his French accent, "and it is not etiquette for gentlemen to frequent it during business hours without an escort."

"When can they come?" asked Rollo.

"At one o'clock," answered Mr. Holiday, "at which hour they take the ladies to lunch."

As they walked along through the hurrying throng of ladies, two very pretty ones who were approaching stopped suddenly in front of them and cried out merrily, "Tag, you're it," at the same moment stabbing the two unprotected males with long pins from which dangled small blue cards.

"No fairs," cried Rollo, as he leaped behind a lamp post which the Vigilantes had also found convenient at the hour of sunrise, while his father, more experienced in such matters, merely said, "Ouch," and withdrew the pin.

"What is the purpose?" he inquired of the young ladies.

"It is a fund to buy shell-shock absorbers," answered one of the young ladies.

"That seems praiseworthy," replied Mr. Holiday, handing her a bill; "they should prove very valuable."

"They are very expensive," said the young lady as she took the money. "Have you nothing larger? You should give till it hurts."

"It did," answered Mr. Holiday.

A little farther on a middle-aged lady who looked very unhappy stopped Mr. Holiday again.

"Sir," she said with tears in her eyes, "I know you will help save our soldiers." Mr. Holiday was a little surprised at this, and his first thought was what the devil has the War Department done now,

but as he had seen nothing new in the paper that morning he asked "From what?"

"The women," she replied, her voice trembling with emotion. "I beg of you in the name of your innocent boy standing by your side, help save our soldiers!" "I will," said Mr. Holiday. "I am married myself. But I should think they would be comparatively safe in the camps. There's barbed wire and sentries all about them."

"They cut the wire and overpower the sentries. There is no safety anywhere," replied the lady. "The sooner they are in France the better."

"I quite agree with you," said Mr. Holiday in parting, bowing politely as he took his leave.

"I think I would like to be a soldier," said Rollo, but his father did not hear him, for just at that moment another elderly lady had said to him, "I know you will help save our women."

"Madam," said Mr. Holiday, "I am beginning to think I shall have to declare this a helpless day, as I have not yet paid my hotel bill. But I will repeat my recent inquiry and ask you also, 'From what?'"

"From the soldiers," replied the lady, looking fearsomely behind her.

"You may rest assured that nothing less than a full company would venture on this avenue at this hour," said Mr. Holiday encouragingly.

"But it is not only here, it is everywhere. Statistics show that twenty thousand attractive stenographers have arrived in Washington from Cleveland alone," replied the lady, excitedly.

"I also am on my way to Washington," said Mr. Holiday, "and I will endeavor to verify those figures."

"And you will help save them, won't you, sir?" said the lady, earnestly.

"Madam," replied Mr. Holiday with equal seriousness of manner, "back in my boyhood I was taught that the higher aid comes to those who help themselves. And now permit me to make a small contribution in return for your glad tidings," and again bowing politely Mr. Holiday took his leave.

"Rollo, my son," he said, as they came to the next corner, "in spite of the excessive charges for cab hire services it is undoubtedly cheaper to ride than it is to walk, so we will stop this one and get into the subway as speedily as possible."

The meter ticked away merrily as they proceeded on the avenue to the nearest subway station, when all of a sudden the cab stopped short, though the meter did not. The reason for this was that a large crowd had gathered in the street and on the sidewalk in front of a handsome dwelling, from a window of which an old gentleman with a white beard was throwing books down at the crowd. Raised above its mass rose the heads and shoulders of several of its members apparently standing on portable platforms of some kind waving their arms at the old gentleman and shouting at him very loudly in angry tones, while he smiled back at them in a very benevolent manner as he hurled out more and more books as far as he could throw them.



“ PERMIT ME TO MAKE A SMALL CONTRIBU-
TION ’ ’ ”

"What is going on?" inquired Mr. Holiday of the chauffeur, "and who is the elderly gentleman in the window?"

"The old guy is Andy Carnegie," replied the chauffeur, "and I'll find out what's doin'. The young man slipped a wrench into his side pocket and stepped to the ground. "It's some of them soap box orators loose again by the looks of it," he added, and in a moment was elbowing his way towards the nearest of the uplifted speakers with whom he entered into conversation, punctuating his remarks with gestures with his wrench which he had taken out to open his way through the crowd.

"I wonder what they did with the soap?" said Rollo. "They don't seem to have used any of it personally."

"All fats are being saved for munitions," replied Mr. Holiday as the chauffeur came up to the car again.

"It's a bunch of Russkis that's trotskied up here from the East Side," he reported.

The man with the dropped egg on his patriarchal beard shoved the crowd this way and that, making a passage for the car and bowing politely as the front wheel went over his foot.

"They come up to tell Andy they demanded peace and a million dollars, and he's givin' 'em a library," continued the chauffeur. "They all got talkin' at once and he couldn't understand 'em."

"That lack of understanding is at the bottom of most of the disputes between capital and labor," re-

plied Mr. Holiday, "and it is most deplorable. But how did you arrange for us to go on?"

"I give the guy I was talkin' to a quarter for himself," answered the chauffeur. "That's ten thousand roubles in his money and now he's one of us."

"A most diplomatic solution," said Mr. Holiday, "and I shall insist on reimbursing you."

"Very well," said the young man at the wheel, as he stopped at an entrance to the subway, "and the meter says three-fifty, so the five is near enough."

An express came along well within the schedule half hour and in due course conveyed the travelers to the Battery. On the way Mr. Holiday explained to Rollo the wonderful engineering of the vast trench and how it continued on as the tunnel beneath the bay.

"And since then," he continued, "they have constructed another tube right under the Hudson River to New Jersey."

"What was that one for?" inquired Rollo, much interested.

"To let Mr. McAdoo into politics," replied his father. "Fortunately he is a long thin man."

When they emerged once more they soon came to the panorama of the harbor as it spread before them. Great ships were coming and going and Rollo called his father's attention to the number of them.

"Yes, and there are undoubtedly many more right

there before our eyes which we cannot see at all, they are so cleverly camouflaged," he answered. "There must be if what the Shipping Board says is true."

"But how can any one see them?" inquired Rollo, looking to see where some one of the hidden ships might possibly be.

"You will have to ask Mr. Hurley," replied Mr. Holiday. "There," he went on, "are some vessels I would be glad to see much more frequently." He pointed to a group of large tugs and barges anchored offshore. The barges were floating high, and the tugs seemed to be deserted. "What are they?" inquired Rollo.

"That is a part of the New England coal fleet," said Mr. Holiday. "These are diverted for the transportation of sand bags for coast defense, and the rest of it is mine laying in Lake Michigan. Besides which New England waters are now blockaded."

"But I thought the war was three thousand miles away. One of the statesmen said it was." War work was new to Rollo.

"Not all of it," said Mr. Holiday. "You may remember that he also said it must be brought home to the people, so he is doing it."

"I think they would rather have the coal," persisted Rollo.

"The Administration believes that the moral effect will be better without it," said Mr. Holiday.

"Of course, when moral issues are involved there

can be no criticism," said Rollo, now quite convinced.

"It becomes mere partisan attack, captious and groundless," replied Mr. Holiday. "Without this fundamental principle in full force and effect, the Constitution would be but another scrap of paper."

"Sir," he continued, turning to an official at the door of the building, "we would like to inspect the Aquarium."

"I am sorry sir, but it is closed," said the Custodian, for he it was.

"Why, what has happened?" exclaimed Mr. Holiday. "My little son here has been keenly interested to see the different creatures, particularly the sea-lion. Rollo, I am very sorry," he added, turning to the disappointed boy.

"Orders come from Washington on Monday to let 'em all go, so we did," said the Custodian. "The order said it wasn't consistent with our war aims to keep 'em from working out their own something or other, so they must be given liberty to do it."

"The little tango-lizards and lounge-lizards and all," cried Rollo, dismayed.

"Yes," said the Custodian, "all of 'em."

"Did they do it?" asked Mr. Holiday.

"They croaked," said the Custodian, "too blamed cold for 'em."

"And the sea-lion?" asked Rollo, anxiously.

"He hung around a while, but a marine thought he was a submarine and plugged him," answered the Custodian.

Though Rollo had borne the disappointment at not being able to see all the curious creatures with entire self-control, this sad tale was too much for him, and he burst into tears, in which the kindly Custodian sympathetically joined.

Mr. Holiday tried to cheer him with a few kind words and to distract his mind with fresh impressions.

"See, my son, down there where the tide comes sweeping in at her feet, there is Liberty with flaming torch aloft," he said.

The boy looked with blurred eyes in the direction his father pointed down the bay. His emotions overwhelmed him, and at such times comes truth.

"A hell of a lot of good it did the poor old sea-lion," he sobbed, "and the tide's going out anyway." Even in his distress he had noticed that the tugs and barges were pointing up the Hudson instead of towards their old-time pathway to the eastward.

Mr. Holiday found that the tender-hearted boy was not to be consoled with words however lofty their purport and suggestion, and so made haste with dignity back to the hotel where a good luncheon helped matters considerably. A full stomach is often the best solace for an aching heart, though the rule does not seem to work in the opposite direction or *vice viscera*.

The short walk to the train distracted the boy's mind still further, and the excitement of knowing he was really under the wide river he had seen from the Battery served to relieve it of its sad memory

entirely. He was quite himself again when he came to look out on the broad plains of New Jersey.

Over across the military encampments which had sprung up from them as at the touch of a magic wand he could see the long rows of scaffolds and ways at the ship yards on the estuaries of the creeks, and the great hulls gliding down into the mud on the union schedule of one every twenty-three minutes. Of course Rollo could know nothing of the bitter struggle it had taken to establish that schedule, and how the Shipping Board had ordered twenty-minute intervals, and how the labor leaders had said twenty-three minutes, and how the President had requested them to agree with the officials, and how they had finally agreed on twenty-three minutes to please him, the only demand insisted upon being that the three minutes be paid for as overtime. They knew that their country must have ships and acted accordingly.

On every hand were the motor truck farms, and the new war gardens, with the young lettuce and radishes which were to win the war already showing above the snow. The New Jersey farmers had planted even earlier than usual in their desire to speed up the war, and the loyal soil was responding nobly.

The train made much better time through this thickly settled country than had those back of the New England front, for here there was a Congressman every mile or two who might have to get back to Washington for roll call at any moment.

At Princeton Mr. Holiday told Rollo of the great university there, and how the battle which had been fought in the Revolution at its very doors had engendered the warlike spirit its professors had voiced throughout the country in its period of taking counsel with itself as to whether its neutrality should be maintained by belligerent means.

Then came Philadelphia and its Liberty Bell. Rollo knew all about that and had recited "Ring, grandpa, ring" the June before. He was rather disappointed not to see Hog Island from the train as he was to be allowed to keep a pig when he got home, but the river was so crowded with ships that their masts and funnels cut off the view. Farther on, frequent loud explosions and drifting clouds of black smoke showed that they were passing through Delaware, what there was left of it, and that the spies of the enemy were still engaged in their work of destruction. Such evidences and the great piles of coal, mountains of sugar and flour barrels and all manner of supplies of every kind they saw at Baltimore proved that the travelers were nearing the seat of war, and Mr. Holiday explained to Rollo how it is that there must be no lack of supplies at the front.

"But I don't understand why you call the seat of war the front, father," said Rollo, making certain that he had made no mistake when he had dressed that morning.

"There is something in what you say, my son," said Mr. Holiday. "The back seat of war would

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undoubtedly be more accurate. And here it is," he continued, as the train rolled into the railroad station, where Uncle George was waiting for them on the platform.

CHAPTER VIII

THE ARRIVAL AT WASHINGTON

THE two brothers greeted each other in a cordial and fraternal manner, as they had not seen each other since Uncle George had left the old homestead at the end of his vacation the summer before. Rollo was delighted to see his uncle again and danced around him gleefully, admiring the polished high boots with their jingling spurs and the saber and automatic hanging from the Sam Browne belt. He quite envied him for the number of pockets he had on his uniform coat and wondered what there might be in them for him.

"Well, old man, are we going to do the town again together this trip?" asked Uncle George, referring to a visit to Cambridge they had made together some time before.

"I hope so," said Rollo, "and I am certain you could give me a great deal of interesting information."

"Information!" exclaimed his uncle. "My boy, information exudes out of me like otter of rose out of an otter! Come on," he added, turning to Mr. Holiday, "better get where we're going. Here's another Cleveland train coming in now."

"This seems to be another Cleveland administration," commented Mr. Holiday.

"It's a condition, not a theory that confronts us," replied Uncle George.

Just at that moment a porter who had waited politely until the first greetings were over stepped up and said, "May I not take de valise, sah?"

"You may," said Mr. Holiday. "It is refreshing, is it not, my son, to hear academic speech once more. You will remember that in New York they said 'gimme.'"

"Or 'lemme,'" added Rollo. "Both forms seemed to be in good use."

A battalion of soldiers on the way from one of the great camps to the transports at a port in the United States was passing at the end of the platform, preventing further progress for the moment. Rollo had never seen so many soldiers all at once before and was much impressed, as he well might be, for it was a fine lot of vigorous clear-eyed young men he looked upon. His father admired them very much too.

"A clean looking lot, George," he said. "None better, I will wager. Nor do I see any signs among them of the ravages of the social life at the camps that I have read of."

"They're as clean as a hound's tooth," said Uncle George, saluting the colors as they went by, "and any one who says they aren't is a dirty-minded liar. And I don't care what Society they belong to either."

Some of the passengers from the Cleveland train

had caught up with the Holidays, and as they all moved along slowly through the great waiting-room a handsomely dressed lady hurried up to one of the new arrivals, a pleasant looking young lady carrying a suit case and an umbrella in one hand and her typewriter in the other.

"Ah, my dear," said the older lady, "your train was late. May I not take one of your burdens as we go to my car?"

"What's the big idea?" inquired the young lady, quite surprised to be so addressed by a total stranger.

"I am one of a committee which meets young girls and saves them," replied the lady.

"Tell it to the judge; I've heard of your kind before," said the younger lady, who seemed quite indignant at something, though Rollo could not understand what it could be.

"I scorn your gilded cage," continued the young lady, moving on as quickly as she could.

"But you don't understand," explained the older one protestingly, "I am Amelia J. Doolittle!"

"I am Mary J. Wise," replied the young lady. "Beat it," at which the well-known philanthropist, foiled but not discouraged, fell back into the crowd, while Miss Wise passed on to the street. Upon it taxis, trucks, tanks, every known vehicle was passing in both directions. Here rumbled field pieces with their caissons. Here hastened ambulances on their errands of mercy. Here a tumbril in which sat blindfolded spies condemned to death. Here a great limousine, bearing titled ladies to patronize

a Charity Bazaar in the Pension Building, their jeweled coronets or tiaras, according to their rank in the official hierarchy of democracy, glittering in the passing lights.

"What arrangements were you able to make for us, George?" asked Mr. Holiday, as they rode along in the car which his brother's rank entitled him to as mileage. "I understand the city is very crowded."

"To the guards," replied Uncle George, "but, fortunately, Sarah is away just now, which makes a bed for you, and I procured a hammock for Rollo at the Navy Yard."

"Oh, what fun to sleep in a hammock all night," cried Rollo.

"It undoubtedly would be," said his uncle, "but I have never succeeded in doing it. I generally fall out between one and two A. M., which I hope you will not do as you will be over me," he added.

"But where is Sarah?" inquired Mr. Holiday, who respected his sister-in-law very highly.

"In jail," said Uncle George. "She was picketing the White House grounds a while ago and punctured a secret service man with a hat pin. They are waiting to see if he recovers."

"But she couldn't kill him with a hat pin?" exclaimed Rollo.

"Your Aunt Sarah is a very efficient woman," replied his uncle, "even if she does want to vote."

"I shall hope to see her in her confinement," said Mr. Holiday.

"I didn't say she was in the hospital. I said she



"DE-VOTED AUNT SARAH"

was in jail," said his brother. "The man is in the hospital."

"But suppose he does not recover from his wound," continued Mr. Holiday, "what will they do then?"

"Shoot her," said his brother. "Martial law here now."

"You would miss her, I suppose," mused Mr. Holiday, "but Washington at least must be kept safe for democracy at any cost."

"Sure," responded Uncle George in full accord, "and no one knows whether the Suffs. are Democrats or Republicans."

At the hotel a paroled Haytian Major-General, one of the captives of the recent expedition to that prickly-heated island, opened the door of the car for them. Having graced the victor's triumph this employment had been found for him where his gifts of leadership of men and his splendid uniform could be of more practical service. Rollo had never seen such a magnificent uniform, nor was there one in Washington where every one wore some kind of distinctive democratic attire, both ladies and gentlemen. Most of the ladies had their hair marcelled as well.

"May I not bring in de grips, sah?" inquired the Haytian officer.

"Right up to my room, General," said Uncle George, giving the salute due superior rank. "We are going in to dinner."

"Ah'll send 'em right up by an o'derly," said

the General, returning the salute, and pocketing the coin Uncle George had handed him. Rollo learned afterwards that he took an innocent pleasure in calling the bell boys his orderlies, keeping alive the pleasant memories of former high command by this harmless self-deception.

"This is my brother and my nephew," said Uncle George to the clerk in the office. "They are going to crowd in with me but I suppose you would like to have them register."

"It is obligatory," replied the clerk, "and your finger prints in the right-hand column," he added, turning the big book towards Mr. Holiday. "May I not offer you a pen? It was last used by the Hon. Phineas T. Bunk of Wisconsin, who arrived just before you."

"Where from," asked Uncle George.

"Palm Beach," replied the clerk.

The General had sent off his orderly with the hand baggage and stood by waiting. "Now, Majah, may Ah not lead you an' yo' friends to de dinin'-room?"

"You may," replied Major Holiday, for Uncle George really was a major, and as every one in Washington has a title to go with the uniform it seems only proper to so refer to him while in that city, instead of continuing the use of the more familiar term of relationship. "But suppose I'd said 'no'; what would you have had to say, then," continued the Major, with a smile.

The General had adopted the mode of address cur-

rent in official circles without giving particular thought to such a contingency, but he saw instantly how embarrassing a negative would be.

"Bless ma soul, Majah, Ah don't b'lieve Ah'd have nothin' to say 'tall," replied the General, looking quite disturbed, "but then you see," he added, more cheerfully, "Ah never axes nothin' but de oblivious."

"Rarely if ever," replied the Major, reassuringly. "By the way, my friends are my brother and my nephew Rollo."

The General saluted Mr. Holiday and shook hands affably with Rollo.

"Keep an eye on the boy, won't you?" continued the Major. "You like children, don't you, General?"

"Ah suttently will, Majah. Ah'm ve'y fond o' chillun," replied the General, smiling down at Rollo, "an' it's ve'y prob'le dat Ah have some of ma own."

Major Holiday led the way through the crowded dining-room to the table he had reserved for them, and it was very fortunate that he had done so as every other table was filled with diners. Military men of high rank, statesmen and other notables in civil life were everywhere. At a large table near the center of the room Mr. Hoover sat with his glittering staff, keeping watchful eyes on what was going on until their own canvasbacks, fried hominy and asparagus demanded their attention. It is very difficult to carve even the highest-priced of ducks without seeing what one is about. None of these

foods was suitable for export to our allies, so the Food Dictator's order was an admirable example of scientific conservation. Besides which the hominy was fried in a vegetable oil obtained from common nuts.

"What's that in the coolers," asked Mr. Holiday, "I thought the town had gone dry."

"It has," replied the Major. "That is merely sparkling grape juice."

"It looks like champagne," persisted Mr. Holiday, as he watched a waiter filling the Poultry-General's glass.

"It isn't what it looks like, it's what the ruling is," replied the Major, "and Secretary Bryan ruled that the juice of grapes was grape juice. We'll have some presently, and I think you will say it's just like what Mumm used to make. I ordered beforehand, so you can look around till Rudolph brings it."

"Is the waiter an Austrian," inquired Mr. Holiday. "One waited on me at the Waldorf, a reserve officer."

"No, Rudolph is a Czecho-Jugo-Slav," replied the Major. "He was an aviator. He was wounded and the Italians captured him. Then they shipped him around to Genoa and on the way a sub blew him up. Then one of our destroyers picked him up and sent him over here. He's the best waiter serving soup you ever saw."

"Where was he wounded," asked Rollo, eager to see this interesting person.

"Right thumb gone," replied the Major. "Here he comes."

"At a nearby table two cavalry Colonels were acting as hosts to two of the vivandières of the famous Baker's Own regiment of infantry. Farther along an officer of the Medical Corps was prescribing nourishing food and suitable stimulants to an attractive young woman in nurse's uniform. Across from them four non-commissioned officers of the Carrie National Battalion of Death, the hatchets which this organization alone was authorized to wear hanging from their belts, dined together without superfluous male escort. Everywhere were military or naval officers, diplomats, heads of bureaus or departments with their yeomen, stenographers or other assistants, all busily talking over the affairs of the day in preparation for the morrow that not a moment be lost in that vital period. It was a thrilling demonstration of governmental efficiency and Mr. Holiday expressed the thought that he wished he too were occupied in similar helpful manner.

"After this Rollo can have his supper at six," said the Major, which Mr. Holiday thought would be more healthful for his son and more expedient for what he and the Major might have on hand.

"Can I have some of the grape juice?" asked Rollo, as Rudolph filled the glasses. "It foams just the way Jonas makes the milk."

"Better not, old man, it's got headaches in it," said his uncle. "Look, what's going on over there!" he exclaimed suddenly.

Mr. Holiday and Rollo turned quickly and saw the head waiter preceding an officer with a squad of soldiers at his heels stop at a table at which sat two stout gentlemen. The head waiter nodded and the officer held out his hand to the nearer one who slowly produced a long crisp white roll from the folds of his napkin in his lap. He had bitten off one end of it. Then the officer held out his hand to the other stout gentleman, and he also handed over his roll, looking up at the stern soldier with appealing eyes. Then Rollo saw the officer and the head waiter go over to Mr. Hoover, the head waiter carrying the rolls on a silver tray from the serving table, and placing them before Mr. Hoover who examined them carefully. It was all very mysterious to Rollo, though no one else seemed to pay any attention, not even Uncle George after he had observed what was really going on.

"Did they complain about the bread, do you suppose?" asked Rollo.

"No," said his uncle, "it is quite a different matter. They only have themselves to blame," he continued, addressing Mr. Holiday. "The order is perfectly clear, and they know what the penalty is."

Mr. Hoover made a memorandum on a form he took from his pocket and passed it with the rolls to the Baker-General who examined the contraband with his pocket microscope. He soon discovered that the rolls were made of wheat flour and so ruled, passing the document and the damning evidence on

to the Flour-General who made his test. His pocket polariscope showed conclusively that the required percentage of adulteration was lacking, the delicate instrument showing twenty-seven per cent. instead of the established thirty, and he so ruled. Then Mr. Hoover took the document again, signed his name to it and gave it to the officer who saluted and returned to his men on guard.

As the two prisoners rose to take their places in the firing squad the head waiter came running up with the check, which the stouter of the two gentlemen took and paid.

"It's on me, John," he said, turning to his protesting friend. "I got you into this."

"It's all right, Henry; if I can't have a roll with my salad life's not worth living."

"Here, August," continued the gentleman named Henry, extending a large roll of bills to the head waiter. "You only did your duty, and this slight remembrance will prove that I forgive you."

"Danke," replied the head waiter, "but it I must receive not. To so do me to the income tax return to make would cause, from which I yet exempt now am."

Mr. Holiday watched the little procession through the door. "That seems very drastic, George. Is there no right of appeal?"

"Yes, to the President," replied the major. "But it has not been possible to exercise it in the later cases. No one knows where he is."

"Why, he addressed the Formosans only yester-

day. I read the epistle on the train," protested Mr. Holiday.

"May be so," replied his brother. "But where do you get off on that?"

"I know what Uncle George means," exclaimed Rollo. "Don't you remember, father, that night we heard the owl up in the big maple, and it was so dark we couldn't see him?"

As a special treat Rollo had ice cream for his dessert and when he had finished it the little family party went out into the lobby.

"Now what would you like to do?" asked the Major.

"Well, it is long past Rollo's bedtime and he should go up at once," said his father.

"Then we will have to go with him," said the Major. "The tackles for his hammock are a bit complicated."

The visitors found the room they were to share was richly furnished though small, with a convenient bathroom leading from it, which Rollo felt he would find much more pleasant than the cold tin tub in the woodshed at home. Major Holiday soon had the hammock lowered from the ceiling so that the boy could get into it, which he did as soon as he had disrobed, arranging his pillow so that he could sit up a little while and listen to the improving conversation of his elders.

"I shall be ready to turn in early myself," said Mr. Holiday. "I never get much sleep when I am in New York, so suppose we just sit here and

talk quietly and then go to bed ourselves. That is, unless you have some personal engagement."

"That is all right," replied the Major. "I have had a full day myself and I will be glad to get out of my uniform," he continued, unbuckling his belt. "We'll put on our pajamas and have a good old gabfest together."

"I regret to hear a brother of mine in that uniform use a word made in Germany," said Mr. Holiday with severity.

"I suppose it did sound a little raw, but it's all right," replied the Major. "No one says Germany any more since Lansing's ruling."

"What do they call it," inquired Mr. Holiday.

"Bacteria," replied the Major.

"Then it was my mistake," replied his brother. "I am glad to see one of the new uniforms in detail," he continued. "Do you find it comfortable?"

"Well enough, all except the cap," replied the Major. "The rain runs down the back of it on to your hair, and then down your hair and down your spinal column, and as the Duke of Wellington wisely said at Waterloo, when your back's wet you're all wet. But we are to get our tin hats the first of July, and they have brims to 'em."

"I would suppose the metal would be hot on your head," said Rollo. "I shall be wearing my big straw hat then."

"A few hotheads in the Department wouldn't hurt at all," said his uncle. "It's cold feet that run slow."

"Which suggests your spurs," said Mr. Holiday. "I confess I do not quite understand the need of them for office work."

"Nowhere more necessary," answered the Major. "It keeps feet from slipping off of the desks, so every one is up to the scratch all the time."

"Again I was in error," said Mr. Holiday, now that he understood. "And those bars on the sleeve. They do not denote wounds, I trust."

"No," replied the Major, twisting the sleeve about, "those show the number of reorganizations I have survived. You see, when I came down here from Plattsburg I was a second lieutenant unattached."

"What does that mean," asked Rollo.

"Your Aunt Sarah did not come till later on," his uncle answered.

"Then," he continued, "they found out about my experience at the Agassiz and put me in the Ammunition Bureau as first lieutenant."

"You were teaching conchology when you left for Plattsburg, as I remember it," said Mr. Holiday.

"And what is that?" asked Rollo.

"Shells," replied his uncle.

"It is wonderful how the professors have taken to a military life," said Mr. Holiday, "but a highly educated man is, of course, certain to prove valuable in any sphere of action: as in your case."

"Then," continued the Major, "there was a reorganization, so they made a new chart, and made me a captain and called it the Munition Bureau."

"Isn't the word generally used in the plural," inquired Mr. Holiday.

"Yes," said the Major, "but at the time we only had one."

"I remember," said his brother, "Senator Hitchcock thought something ought to be done about it."

"That's why they did it," replied the Major. "Then everything went along peacefully for a while, and then Chamberlain thought something more ought to be done."

"I remember that too," said Mr. Holiday.

"So they had another reorganization," the Major went on, "and made a new chart and made me a Major and called it the Ignition Bureau, and that's how I got the two bars."

"What are your present duties?" asked Mr. Holiday. "They seem to deal with the firing line."

"We don't know yet," replied the Major. "The new chart didn't come till after Newt had gone across, and he is the only one who knows what it means."

"I know what a newt is," cried Rollo. "It's a lizard."

"This one's a war-lizard," replied his uncle.

"It must be like the poor little tango-lizards and lounge-lizards that were drowned, father," said the boy, remembering the sad disappointment at the Aquarium.

"This one wasn't drowned: he got across all right," said the Major, with a reassuring smile up at his nephew.

"Then it's a live one," cried Rollo, much relieved.

"No," said his father, "not according to the prevalent opinion."

Rollo began to think that his father and uncle had some secret together, for they both laughed when he had asked if the war-lizard was alive, but in a moment he remembered a specimen Jonas had presented to the Natural History Society at home and felt that he must be mistaken.

"I know, it's in alcohol," he cried.

"Probably," said the Major, "no one will ever know just what went on in that wine cellar. Did you see about that air raid in Paris," he added, addressing his brother.

"Yes, I did," replied Mr. Holiday, "I was at once attracted by the headline of 'Bliss in a Wine Cellar,' which I thought a most misleading introduction to the dispatch below."

"But how do they keep the war-lizard," interrupted Rollo.

"Smoke," replied his uncle.

"Oh, yes," cried Rollo, "like ham and bacon. And they make the smoke from corncobs." He had seen Jonas doing it at home.

"From a briar in this case," said the Major, at which he and Mr. Holiday laughed so knowingly that Rollo believed they did have a private secret after all.

"What does he smoke," asked Mr. Holiday, "or is it a war secret?"

"It was Battle Ax for a while," replied the

Major. "Then he switched to Master Workman, and now it's Vanity Fair."

"But returning to your official duties," said Mr. Holiday, "I would suppose that the General Staff could give your Bureau the necessary directions, even though the Secretary is abroad."

"No," replied the Major, "their functions are entirely separate. The General Staff generalizes and the Secretary secretes."

"That would make it difficult," said Mr. Holiday. "Apparently there is nothing to do but wait, as you say."

"Watchful waiters make sure losers," piped Rollo from his hammock. "That was in our writing lessons last term."

"True, my boy, and now you lie down and sleep on it. You have had a long day, and I am going to turn the light out just as soon as Uncle George gets into his bed there under you. Be careful and don't fall out on him."

It was very fortunate that Rollo went to sleep with this suggestion fresh in his mind, for later on in the night while giving battle to a tremendous war-lizard as ferocious looking as St. George's dragon he would undoubtedly have sought "Safety First" in flight or negotiation except for its inhibition. As it was he stood his ground in Dreamland and slew the monster with a sword just like the one the Major carried at his side.

CHAPTER IX

IN WASHINGTON

WHEN the bugles sounded the reveille the next morning, Rollo had already been wide awake some little time, as his battle with the terrible war-lizard had made him restless, so his victory had proved to be a peaceless one, as those of dreamers generally are. In addition to that the blankets had become disarranged at his feet in one of his counter attacks upon the monster, and except in official circles cold feet are never conducive to peaceful slumber. He wished to get up and begin the interesting and instructive day he knew lay before him, but to get up meant to get down, which he knew he could not do without disturbing his uncle who was still sleeping peacefully in the bed below. He also knew how improper, even at times perilous, it is for young persons to disturb the slumbers of their elders at any time, so he lay still and thought over all the wonderful things he had seen and done since he had left the home fireside, and of the even more wonderful things to come, and of all the stories he would have to tell Thanny and Jonas on his return.

As the clear notes of the bugles rang out upon the morning air the Major leaped to attention, and as soon as they faded away in the sounds of the

rousing of the great armed camp, for such the city now was, he lowered the halliards of Rollo's hammock to enable him to descend in comparative safety. Mr. Holiday suggested that it would be more convenient for all if he took another nap until the others had bathed and made some progress with their attire for the day, to which the other occupants of the room readily agreed. When he woke up again Rollo was all dressed in his scout uniform which his mother had thoughtfully packed in his bag, and the Major was almost interned in his riding breeches.

"Pass over the shoe-horn, will you, Rollo?" he panted to his nephew. "It's too bad you haven't something less noticeable," he continued addressing Mr. Holiday, "but we'll get your commission first thing and go right to the tailor's."

"Could I not wear your overcoat on the street?" inquired Mr. Holiday.

"No, that would make you a spy. But it won't be very bad as there are always a few newcomers about and people understand such things now. Speaking of coats, just do those buttons down the back of mine, will you? I can, but it takes time."

Mr. Holiday's experience in married life enabled him to be of deft assistance to his brother's need. "There," he exclaimed, "I guess that did it, and I only broke one finger nail! Those are most excellent socks you are wearing, George."

"Yes, they are fine ones," replied the Major.

"Sarah sends them to me. She has much more time for knitting now; when she was on picket duty she always had a banner in one hand and the other one in action, so she couldn't accomplish much."

"A period of rest generally follows a period of agitation," replied Mr. Holiday. "The authorities seem to agree on that."

"They did here. They insisted on it," replied the Major. "You look fine in your scout togs, my boy," he added, "and a compass too. Perhaps you can scout out the President."

"I could try," replied Rollo, who was eagerly awaiting his elders and his breakfast, and to show how good a scout he was told his uncle how he had located the elevator and the breakfast room in New York. "Good work," replied the Major. "Nothing like a scout for foraging. You won't have to bother this morning though, as I know the way. We'll go down to the café for breakfast. The service is better in the morning there."

"How true it is," commented Mr. Holiday, "that they also serve who only stand and wait. One should bear that in mind constantly in these stressful days."

"The waiters seem to," replied the Major.

The Haytian General was not on duty when they passed through the lobby but in his place was another dark gentleman dressed in a handsome foreign costume, a Moro sultan, as the Major told them later, whom General Pershing had sent back as a prisoner of war from the Philippines after vanquishing him

in single combat, an ominous episode for the consideration of the brutal and autocratic Kaiser, and one of which he may well take heed.

The Major led the way to a pleasant little table which he said would be their usual one henceforth, and proceeded to peruse the bill-of-fare for the morning meal.

"I generally take one of the combinations," he said to Mr. Holiday. "They are well organized and it saves the trouble of referring to the food regulations for everything."

"That seems an excellent idea," said Mr. Holiday. "What are they for to-day?"

"Here's the 'Liberty or Death' Number One. I often take that one," replied the Major.

"What are its constituents?" inquired his brother.

"Democratic," answered the Major, "broiled Virginia ham, eggs *à la Russe*, assorted rolls, coffee and stewed prunes. And it is only two dollars."

"Cheap enough," said Mr. Holiday, "but I don't think I know eggs *à la Russe*. How are they prepared?"

"It's just a new name for scrambled eggs. Same thing," answered the Major.

"In that case I think Rollo had better have his plain boiled. I fear the other mode would prove indigestible," replied his father.

"That can be arranged by an address to the cook. You would like that for your order, Rollo," queried the Major. Rollo was much pleased to be

consulted instead of having to eat what was put before him, and said he would like Liberty or Death very much.

"This Special Number Three 'Can the Kaiser' is good, too," continued the Major.

"It sounds good," said Mr. Holiday. "What is it?"

"Everything is tinned," the Major answered, reading from the card, "Kippered herring, bloater paste, toasted crackers, coffee and Dundee marmalade. It costs more than the other as tin has gone up tremendously."

"Of course, for the tin hats," said Mr. Holiday. "It is a quaint idea, but I think I will select the other combination.

"Then I will, too," said the Major, filling out the order slip. "We'll save the other for the next meatless day. Here, Mustapha, Liberty or Death for three."

"Bismillah, effendi," replied the affable Turkish janissary whose table it was, his efficiency, gained in a score of pillagings of Armenian kitchens, being such that our little family party was soon discussing the appetizing and wholly legal repast he set upon the table. Mr. Holiday had wondered a little about the ham in view of the pork regulations, but the Major soon relieved his mind by telling him that the ruling had been made that the product came under the head of game, certain Southern members of the Administration being very fond of it.

"This is very good-looking coffee," said Mr. Holi-

day, as he filled his cup. "No, my son, no coffee for growing boys."

"It is. It looks all right," replied the Major, "but you can let Rollo drink all he wants of it. There's no kick in it. It's Bakerized."

"Like so many other things we read about," commented Mr. Holiday. "In that case, my son, you may have all you want," and he filled another cup for Rollo, which, of course, was a great treat to him.

"But the process of which you speak, George. Do you know what it is?"

"Yes," replied the Major, "a fellow in the Commissary told me. First they spill the beans; then they pour cold water on them, and then they wet-blanket them, and then they subject them to a constant blast of hot air."

"I should think that might knock the pep out of almost anything," said Mr. Holiday.

"It will," replied the Major.

"It doesn't taste quite like the real thing, does it," commented Mr. Holiday, as he sipped his cup. "Do you know, George," he went on, "I sometimes think that a few minor impurities are not only more agreeable to the taste but more normally healthful than a higher degree of sublimation."

"Old reliable Doc. Wiley is with you," replied the Major, "and to my own mind there is no doubt about it. Not only in relation to such a thing as we have been speaking of, but in higher spheres as well. What would become of Virtue," he went on

with marked emphasis, "without temptations to be withstood to strengthen it! Atrophy is the only answer. Therefore I say seek out a temptation now and then. Withstand it, if you can. Fall, if you must. Anything is preferable to that living death of not knowing a temptation when you see one on the street. And as I preach, so do I practice."

"You express my philosophy exactly," replied Mr. Holiday with much approval of manner. The Major did not often speak of serious subjects, and he was glad to know that his younger brother did sometimes think of them.

"And, by the way, what you have just said reminds me of our old schoolmate Peek. You remember Tommy Peek, old deacon Peek's boy?"

"Yes, and I can tell you all about him," replied the Major.

"That is what I wanted," said Mr. Holiday. "I saw in the paper that he had gone to Washington to get into war work, and I haven't seen anything of him since."

"Well, I did, and all I wanted," said the Major. "He came here just after I did, and one day he saw me on the street,—first. He was trying to get into the Red Cross but they didn't want him, and then he tried the Y. M. C. A. and they didn't want him either."

"Why did he not enlist in the Medical Corps," inquired Mr. Holiday. "Nothing can be more serviceable and honorable than what those men do."

"He wasn't that kind of a cat," replied the Major.

"He said that the war was the greatest chance to preach that ever happened and he was going to blow himself while the blowing was good. Great snakes," exclaimed the Major reminiscently, "he was so nasty pure I was afraid he'd spoil."

"Well, what did he do," inquired Mr. Holiday.

"He joined the S. M. U. G.," said the Major. "They claim the Young Men's as the parent society, but the boys say it was left on the doorstep."

"I have met some of its members," said Mr. Holiday. "Then what?"

"Then he read something that said Paris was more dangerous than the trenches, and nothing less perilous would do for Tommy. It sounded just like the chance he was looking for, so over he went with his little bit in his mouth and plunged in."

"Any news since that?" Mr. Holiday asked.

"Yes. He fell at Montmartre, and they gave him the Croix de Paris just before he was sent back."

At the end of the Major's narrative the cups and plates were empty except for a single rye muffin which had been served to Mr. Holiday with his wheaten roll, and all three were on the point of making their exit from the room when Mustapha came hurrying up to them.

"Pardon, effendi," he said, bowing to Mr. Holiday, "but the law must be obeyed and your servant is its servant," he continued in the quaint phrasing of the East.

"Surely," replied Mr. Holiday in much surprise, "How have I disregarded it?"

"The muffin," replied Mustapha. "The effendi did not consume it with his wheaten bread."

"That's right," exclaimed the Major. "I made the same break last week. You saved my shoulder straps for me that time, Musty."

"Our countries are at peace, and the effendi was generous," replied Mustapha.

"But what can I do," cried Mr. Holiday, remembering the two stout gentlemen and the firing squad of the evening before.

"Go back and consume it," replied the Major. "The order says that with any amount of wheat flour an equal amount of a substitute shall be consumed."

"Ah, now I understand," exclaimed Mr. Holiday, much relieved. "May I do that," he asked, passing a folded bill into Mustapha's hand.

"The tongue of your servant has been torn out," replied the Oriental, leading the way back to the table, where Mr. Holiday duly consumed the muffin as the wise order required him to do, although he nearly choked before Mustapha could get another glass of water.

"I think that must have been a war muffin for external use," said Mr. Holiday as they finally left the café.

"Most of 'em are," replied the Major. "We will step in here a minute," he continued, "and have another one in liquid form. I tried it after my own misadventure and found it quite helpful."

"It will be very soothing to my lacerated throat,"

said Mr. Holiday, hoarsely. "Rollo, go and have your shoes shined while we are occupied," he added, giving the boy a quarter for the fee, which he was very glad and proud to do.

Upstairs in the reading and writing room, to which the Major next introduced them, the first thing Rollo saw was a large motto tastefully lettered in bright worsted hanging on the wall.

His conscience was roused instantly, as it well might be, for the motto said WRITE TO YOUR MOTHER EVERY DAY, and he knew he had not sent his dear mother even a picture postal card since he had left her side. He determined that he would send her one at once, and asked his father for some money to buy one to send to her, and one for Jonas and one for Thanny.

Mr. Holiday was much pleased at his son's thoughtfulness, and was getting some change from his pocket when the Major interrupted him. "He couldn't send them if there were any," he said. "Nothing of the kind is permitted at General Pershing's personal request. He says it would give most important information to the enemy. That is," he added, "the censor says the General says it."

"I had not thought of that," said Mr. Holiday, "but I am relieved to learn that our officials are leaving nothing undone."

"They're doing everybody on this censorship stuff," replied the Major. "They say the naked truth is immoral."

"I would hardly say that," said Mr. Holiday. "And of course Truth crushed to earth — "Will blow the lid off," said the Major finishing the quotation his brother had begun.

"As Milton so wisely said," continued Mr. Holiday. "But, Rollo," turning to his son, "you can write a letter to your mother. This will buy your stamps and I see paper and envelopes at hand."

"That is a good idea," said the Major. "You and I will go down and get your commission and your uniform and leave Rollo to do his writing, and then we will come back for him and go to lunch at the Senate restaurant. How does that strike you both?"

"Nothing could be better," replied Mr. Holiday, and Rollo thought it was a very sensible program too.

"Besides which," continued the Major, "the secret service men will be through with your baggage by then and if you want a clean handkerchief or anything, you can go up and get it out."

"Could I not do that now," exclaimed Mr. Holiday, surprised at the implication of his brother's words.

"No, nothing," replied the Major, "and until you get your uniform you will be under constant observation yourself."

"But suppose there was no vacancy so that I could get no uniform," said Mr. Holiday. He always looked at both sides of an important question, as one always should if it has no more than two, in

which case further consideration is both futile and confusing.

"There never was such a case so far as I know," said the Major. "The practice is to get a civilian into khaki as soon as possible, and if the Boards are all full, we'll saw off another."

This relieved Mr. Holiday's mind very much, and the two brothers departed on their business.

Of course Rollo did not know it, but at the very moment he took his pen in hand to write to his dear mother so far away in the old homestead she was sewing a hem on a little red flannel night robe she was making for her absent boy with tears in her eyes. Indeed her eyes had grown so dim that she had just pricked her finger so that it bled, but as the goods was the same color it did not show.

When he started to write the date as he had been taught to do he found he did not really know it, what with the day that had been gained at starting, and the daylight saving law and the late hours he had been keeping, so he decided to leave it out. And he remembered that the postmark would let her know the day he had written it, though no one would ever know what day it would be delivered. So he began with DEAR MOTHER, because he really did like her, and this is what he wrote:

"Dear Mother.

"Here I am in Washington the Capitle of our Country. Our Country is the greatist Democracy in the world. The transe was late so we

got to Boston the day before we started. We had a nice time there the next day. I saw an Indian and too Highlands. They had shorter skirts than Marys. I fell into the Frog Pond. Then we went to New York and spent the night at the Walldof Hotle. We saw a spy and Mr. Spriggins hung him on a lamp post. He was a bad man I know becaus he wore fals whiskers. The see line was ded. A soldier thout he was a submarine. Then we came to Washington and Uncle George met us at the deepot. He is a Majer. Aunt Sarer is in jale. I saw too fat gentlemen going to be shot. They et too mutch bred. I shook hands with a majer generl. He said he would look after me when father was busy. I think he is a kind man. He is very big and had a gold uniform. Father has gon to get his uniform. When he gets it we ar going to the Capitle. We did not see the Zoo in New York, but Uncle George says the Capitle is better.

"Your luving son,
"ROLLO."

When Rollo had finished his letter to his mother he decided to postpone writing to Jonas and Thanny until later, so he carefully addressed and sealed the envelope and purchased a stamp of the young lady at the bookstand. Owing to the war, stamps had gone up fifty per cent. and the cost-plus-profit regulation necessitated the expenditure of the whole nickel which his father had given him.

The General was on duty again now, out on the sidewalk, and greeted Rollo most cordially when he approached him to ask him the way to the nearest letter box.

"Right down dere, chile, at de co'ner," answered the General, "and don' you be skeered 'cause Ah got ma eye on you all de time jus' like Ah tol' de Majah. What you got dere, a letter to yo' mammy?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "and I will hurry and put it safely in the box.

"It'll be safe enough in de box all right," replied the General. "Ah put a letter in dere to ma lady frien' in Geo'getown las' week, an' Ah guess dey ain't open de box yet. She never seen it nohow, an' o' co'se she didn't know Ah was a comin' an' Ah had ter beat up dat no 'count Kunn'l he calls hisse'f somethin' terrible."

Rollo started along with his letter in his hand and was about to drop it into the box when heavy footsteps came hurrying up behind him. A large hand grasped him by the shoulder while another large hand reached over and seized the letter from him.

"Just in time," his captor called back to a heavily built gentleman in a blue uniform who came running as fast as he could. He was quite stout and breathed heavily.

As he came up, Rollo saw that the uniform was like that of the mail carriers he had seen on Fifth Avenue, though they did not have the gold

lace and epaulettes nor the gold wings on the cap and boots.

"Good work, General," exclaimed the newcomer. "I couldn't have made it. Let's see what we've captured this time."

"Please, sir, it is a letter to my mother," said Rollo, looking up at the goldplated gentleman beseechingly.

"That's what they all say," was the cynical reply, as he tore open the letter. "There's too much of this writing-to-mother business any way. It congests the mails and that congests me. My blood pressure's too high as it is."

He perused the boyish handwriting for a moment with gathering frowns and handed it to the other gentleman. Rollo had noticed that his uniform was like his Uncle George's except for the crossed megaphones on the collar instead of the Major's insignia, and a Maxim silencer at his belt where the Major wore his pistol.

"I guess that is your job, Creel. Enemy information first thing and then code, unquestionably. And the spelling is faked too. Listen to this: 'The train was late so we got to Boston the day before we started.' That doesn't mean anything. The criticism of the train is treasonable anyway. Here, look at it."

The Censor-General took the letter the Postmaster-General handed to him, for it really was these two high officials into whose hands the boy's



" SEIZED THE LETTER FROM HIM "

letter had come in one of their frequent raids on the patience and intelligence of the country.

"I observe no evidence of the use of any of the chemical writing fluids," he said, holding the paper to the light, "nor is there any writing under the stamp," he continued, peeling it off and handing it to the other General, who at once canceled it.

"And the boy looks like a respectable boy," he added, with a censorious glance at Rollo.

"There's no such animal," growled the other General.

"There may be a code here, as there certainly is military and political information, but I think a few deletions will make it comparatively innocuous."

"It's up to you," said the gold-winged General, with a scowl at Rollo who was crying bitterly. "I'd intern the letter and jail the kid if I was running it."

"Your methods are always comprehensive, my dear General," replied the other. "You must be an admirer of Bernhardt."

"He knew his business," was the vehement reply. "This democracy thing has gone too far. Even the common people have begun to talk it, and I'm going to put a stop to it."

As the two Generals had been conversing the Censor-General had been going over the letter with a rubber stamp he carried for such occasions, and finally put it in the torn envelope and handed it back to Rollo.

"Please, sir, the stamp," said the boy.

"What are you talking about, you young rascal?" roared the Postmaster-General. "Didn't you see me cancel it? How do you think I show a profit any way?"

At this catastrophe Rollo began to cry again, so loudly indeed that the Major-General heard him at his station and came running up to see what the matter was.

"What you-all doin' to this chile any how," he demanded, rolling his eyes in a very terrifying manner.

"It is a matter of official business," replied the rubber stamp General. "This is the Postmaster-General and I am the Censor-General," he continued, while Rollo pointed his finger and sobbed, "that one, the big one, he stole my stamp!"

"Yo' did, did yo'," shouted Rollo's protector. "Well yo' jes dig her up agin, fo' Ah'm de Majah-Gen'l o' de late fo'ces o' de Haytian Duma, an' Ah'm goin' to advance on you' wuks mos' terrible sudd'n. What yo' mean takin' pennies from a chile yo' no-'count civilyum Gen'ls!"

The Censor-General saw that the foreign officer would start his big offensive if something was not done at once, and he knew that his companion, being a Cabinet officer, would sit tight in his little boat even if he knew he was wrong rather than say so. A negotiated peace was the only way out.

"I will attend to this, General, if you will allow me," he said to his associate, and closed Rollo's

hand around something which the boy thought felt like a quarter.

"An' now you no-'count Gen'ls go 'long," said Rollo's kind friend, taking him by the hand to go back to the hotel.

As they walked along Rollo saw that it really was a quarter, and at once bought another stamp for his freshly addressed envelope, but before putting in his letter he thought he would look at it.

This is what it looked like: .

"Dear Mother.

"Here I am [redacted] our [redacted] is the greatist [redacted] in the [redacted] so we got to [redacted] the day before we started. We had a nice time thare the next day. I saw an [redacted] and too [redacted] They had shorter skurts than Marys. I fell into the [redacted] Then we went to [redacted] and spent the night at the [redacted] We saw a [redacted] and Mr. Spriggins hung him on a lamp post. He was a bad man I know becaus he wore fals whiskers. The see line was ded. A [redacted] thout he was a [redacted] Then we came to [redacted] and Uncle George met us at the [redacted] He is a [redacted] Aunt Sarer is in [redacted] I saw too fat gentlemen going to be [redacted] They et too mutch bred. I shook hands with a [redacted] He said he would look after me when father was busy. I think he is a kind man. He is very big and has

110 *Rollo's Journey to Washington*

a gold [REDACTED] Father has gon to get his [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] When he gets it we ar going to the [REDACTED]
[REDACTED] We did not see the [REDACTED] in [REDACTED] but
Uncle George says the [REDACTED] is better.

“Your luving son,

“ROLLO.”

CHAPTER X

AT THE CAPITOL

ROLLO took no chances on his second trip to the letter-box, but kept his letter safely out of sight in his pocket and then popped it in at once. It was a fine morning and he thought he would keep on for a stroll to pass the time, for though he did not know his way about yet he had his compass with him and felt that he could find the hotel again if he remained on that side of the wide avenue. As a country boy he was greatly impressed with the difference in the climatic conditions which were manifest around him from those he had left behind only a few days before. It seemed marvelous to him to think how at home there was still no sign of Spring except the remnant of the woodpile, and yet here the trees were coming into bud, and crocuses and jonquils blooming in the war gardens around the War Department building. As he stood admiring them and watching the German prisoners working on the tulip beds, he thought he heard a twittering as if the birds had come as well as the spring flowers. Sure enough they had, for though the sounds he had first noticed were only the usual ones coming from the open windows of the great war machine, his eye happened to catch sight of a little flock of feathered songsters

in the branches of a big elm tree overhead which his study of the birds enabled him to identify at once as a chorus of Wilsonian Warblers.

As he approached another large building he was greatly excited to see a gentleman come rushing out bareheaded as he was and down the steps, closely pursued by another gentleman who leaped after him about halfway down and bore him to the sidewalk.

The uppermost gentleman rolled the other gentleman over so that he could speak to him more conveniently, which he proceeded to do in a very earnest manner.

"Do I get it?" he shouted. "Do I get it? I don't want a survey or advice or an investigation. I want coal! Do I get it?"

"But —" began the underneath gentleman, only to be interrupted.

"Do I get it?" persisted the other. "I've had to do this five times now and I'm getting tired of it. I should think you'd be. Or is it the usual channel?" he added.

"It's getting to be," replied the other. "Will you let me up if I give the order?"

"Yes," replied the upper gentleman, "and if you don't, I shall proceed to execute a warrant I have in my pocket. It is signed by the Governors of the six New England states."

"That is revolution," exclaimed the other, "Dictatorcide!"

"New England never bothered about a little thing like that," answered the upper gentleman, produc-

ing a monkey wrench from his hip pocket. "You began it."

"Then I will give the order," replied Dr. Garfield, the well-known Fuel Dictator, getting to his feet. "And now may I not invite you to lunch as our business is completed?"

"It isn't," said the other, "but as I intend to keep my eye on you until the coal starts, I will accept your invitation." As the two turned to go back into the building Rollo saw that the other gentleman was Mr. Storrow whom he had seen in Boston, but of course he could not know that he had really seen history in the making.

Rollo thought it would be better to go no farther up the street as the time was at hand when he might well expect his father and his uncle to return. The Major-General was still at the front of the hotel and Rollo was listening to an exciting story of warfare in the tropics when his elders arrived in the Major's service car, his orderly at the steering wheel. He saw at once that his father was in uniform and jumped with glee, while the Major-General returned the salute which Mr. Holiday was now entitled to give him and said most affably, "Ah'm glad to see you's one of us, Cap'n."

"Thank you, General, I shall endeavor to do my duty," replied Captain Holiday, for such was the rank which had been awarded him.

"Ah observe you's in de Inspector-Gen'l's Bureau," said the Major-General as he noted the crossed microscopes on the captain's collar, "but

may Ah not ax what's yo' speciality o' inspection?"

"Statistics," said the Captain. "You doubtless remember that the Secretary has ruled that this is not a static war."

"He sho' did," agreed the Major-General. "She don' stay put two day's runnin'."

"And that of course," continued Captain Holiday, "gives any given schedule a fluid rather than the fixed quality it would preserve in a static war, and makes frequent inspection imperative."

"Some of 'em won't stand it," commented the Major.

"Then it will be my duty to recommend new ones," replied Captain Holiday.

"An' dat'll fix 'em," exclaimed the Major-General approvingly. "If Ah'd had a good figgerer on ma staff down dere Ah'd a skeered dose black-an'-tans off'n de islan'."

"Get in front there, Rollo," said the Major, which was just what Rollo had hoped he would say. From his seat he could look ahead and see the great mass of the Capitol at the end of the avenue and his eyes grew bigger and bigger the nearer they came to the great edifice, emblematic of the great nation whose shrine it is.

"Stop here, Bill," said the Major, when they were about a block away from the foot of the great flight of steps. "We'll walk the rest of the way. If I had a boy," he continued as he pointed up to the lofty dome, "I would bring him right to this spot

when he got old enough and let him look at just that. And if he didn't choke up a minute for himself," he added, "I'd do it for him."

"I have," gulped Rollo, who had felt decidedly queer inside for several moments and could not understand what the matter was.

"Then you're all right," cried the Major, giving him an approving slap on the back, "and you'd have been all wrong if you hadn't. And one more thing," he went on; "do you see those men up there?" He pointed to a group of gentlemen about halfway up the steps, one of the party being a little in the lead.

"Yes," said Rollo, "but they look so little compared to it all!"

"They are," said the Major. "When we get there we will look just as little, and if that were the President and the Cabinet going up there now, that is the way they would look. Saying which," he added, "we will follow after them, as it is nearly time to eat."

Rollo felt himself growing smaller and smaller the higher up he got on the great stairway and was very glad to stop and get his breath when they got to the top of it. While they paused there a few moments the Major pointed out the different points of interest in the panorama which lay extended before them with the White House gleaming in Democratic purity at the other end of the great avenue.

"That is where the President is said to live," he explained to Rollo.

"It seems a long, long trail from here," Rollo observed. "I should think he would find it inconvenient, having to come here so much as he does."

"He would be willing to have it a good deal farther off," replied the Major. "It makes him nervous. If the Superman bill goes through I understand he plans to move it to the interior of Alaska."

"But then how could he talk things over with Senator Lodge and the other statesmen?" queried the boy.

"He could write 'em," answered the Major, "or one of his friends could take a message."

"I see," said Rollo, "and then Senator Lodge could tell him what he really thought about it."

"If he really did," replied the Major, "the Muir glacier would be no more."

"It seems rather odd that there should be a restaurant here in the Capitol," said Captain Holiday, as they walked along through the vaulted corridors. "Somehow it seems out of keeping with the dignity of the edifice. And one would think that the vapors and noises of the kitchen would be both distracting and offensive."

"That part of it is all right here on the Senate side," answered the Major. "On the House side the air is full of 'em. You see the Senate and the House each have their own places. They've got to take nourishment now and then, and in the old days they couldn't get to the Willard as quickly as one can now."

"Oh, I see the convenience of it," said the Captain. "It was only a bit of provincialism on my part I admit. No one can legislate on an empty stomach, no matter whose it is."

"Of course not," said the Major. "You've got to feed 'em high if you want production."

"Precisely," said Captain Holiday. "Just as I feed my hens grain, with a dry mash before them all the time."

"It's sour mash here," replied the Major, "but the principle is just the same."

It was an inspiring scene that met the eye when they came to the entrance to the famous restaurant, rivaling even that of the hotel dining-room the evening before in evidences of the common devotion to the public business with which not even a hasty lunch could be permitted to interfere. Grave senators in their toga-like frock coats were sitting at several of the small tables conferring with fair constituents from suffrage states. Other senators, whose wives or daughters were on the payroll as their clerks or secretaries and so amply provided for, were extending their hospitality to wives or daughters who were clerks or secretaries of other statesmen. Army and navy uniforms were everywhere.

The Committee on Military affairs was sitting at a long table discussing the evidence presented at the morning session by General Wood, who was sitting with the members as their guest of honor, though he had almost spoiled their appetites. As the Gen-

eral was to dine at the White House that evening he also ate sparingly.

Near the table to which the Major was shown by an affable Bulgarian reservist was a small table set for two which at once attracted Rollo's attention, as a white dove was suspended directly above the tall white lilies which were its floral centerpiece. The chairs were tipped forward as if to show they were reserved, and were tied with large white ribbon bows. Captain Holiday also noticed it. "What's all this bride business?" he inquired. "It looks like the First Breakfast."

"It's the Last Luncheon," replied the Major. "That is where Senator Chamberlain had Baker to lunch."

"I remember," said Captain Holiday. "Hasn't it been used since?"

"No, and it never will be," replied the Major. "Some call it holy ground and others say it's mined."

"Where does La Follette sit?" inquired the Captain.

"He doesn't," answered the Major. "They cut out German cooking when war was declared."

Rollo could hardly eat he was so excited to be in the same room with so many of the great statesmen whose pictures he had seen in the newspapers. Several of the more distinguished in appearance he recognized at once, as Senator Lewis with his new spring hirsutings, and Senator Vardaman, whom he at first mistook for Old Reliable Doctor Munyon

until he remembered that the famous scientist had died not long before.

One very large figure looked perfectly familiar but he could not seem to make out the features clearly, until a sudden movement by the gentleman showed that it was the back of Senator Ollie James's head he had been looking at and not his face at all.

"That is an odd diminutive for so large a man," commented Captain Holiday. "I suppose it stands for Oliver."

"All over," replied the Major. "The other was a pet name up to the time of his impassioned defense of tightrope walking. Since then he has been thought of, but not whistled to."

"The word painting was vivid," said Captain Holiday. "Who are those two at the table beyond him?"

"The one on the right is Williams of Mississippi and the other is Reed of Missouri," replied the Major. Senator Reed was talking very earnestly, pounding his fist upon the table to emphasize his real feelings about Mr. Hoover while the other statesman appeared to be very solemn.

"I wonder why Senator Williams is so unhappy," said Rollo, who was as yet inexperienced in the finer shades of feeling.

"He's got to take a drink in a minute and he dreads it," explained the Major.

"But I thought he was one of the Bone-dry crowd," said Captain Holiday.

"He is," said the Major, "all the time."

Just as he spoke, the gentleman from Missouri hit the table so violently, as he thought of Mr. Hoover's English great-grandfather, that he split the top of it, upsetting the Mississippi statesman's beverage, which made him look more unhappy than he had before.

"He must have thought that table was the Democratic platform," said Captain Holiday.

"Chestnut is splintery stuff," replied the Major, "but look at the bureaus and cabinets and commododes they make out of it, and see how it lasts."

"Oh," cried Rollo, "can I go and see the Cabinet to-day?" Hearing the word reminded him of the promise his father had made before leaving home when he had wished to bring his own cabinet along with him.

Captain Holiday also remembered the promise. "Can we, George?" he asked.

"Not open on Thursdays," replied the Major. "But cheer up, Rollo," he went on, noticing the boy's disappointment, "it may make an exhibition of itself any day. But there's another collection of relics and things over in the Congressional Library and we will have time to see that before Dress Parade."

"Then we had better start along," said Captain Holiday. "Dress Parade is at three I believe."

"That is when the young ladies leave the offices," said the Major, "but the Avenue is crowded till six."

Excepting the Capitol itself Rollo had never seen such a wonderful building as the great Library nor

such a wonderful collection of historical relics, every one of them connected with some great event in the Country's history or some great statesman who had participated in it. There were so many indeed that his memory could not retain full measure of them, but some he knew he would never forget.

Here was the first pair of Senator Stone's gum shoes in which he had steered the slush as valiantly as Eliza braved the ice cakes.

Here was the whole series of White House typewriters from the 1913 model down to the last one, parked like a battery of machine-guns, worn and battle-scarred.

In a glass case stood a crystal urn of chaste design labeled as containing the patriotic spirit of Senator La Follette, so pure and limpid that the urn seemed to Rollo to be quite empty.

In another case was the receipt for the antique desk Secretary Bryan took with him when he rose overnight to defend the country, and the pen with which he wrote it, which he had somehow overlooked. The most recent addition to the collection was a beautifully made model emblematic of Efficiency which Mr. McAdoo had given to a grateful nation, a three-ring circus run by electricity, so that when the custodian permitted Rollo to press a small button all the little figures began running in different directions in the little sawdust circles. It was lifelike indeed.

But time pressed and the Supreme Court room was the only point of interest they visited before

leaving the hill. The historic old chamber was empty as the great tribunal had adjourned when martial law was declared, so the overworked justices now had leisure to catch up with the docket and write their dissenting opinions with less hasty brevity.

Rollo's father explained to him how desirable it was that the civil courts should not be sitting at a time when so many laws were being made and so many orders and rulings being dictated, pointing out to him how a case might be all prepared for trial only to have the law of it amended or repealed by the time court opened the next morning.

"Do you suppose the Income Tax law will ever be changed?" asked the Major.

"Not so that it will reach official salaries," replied the Captain. "I think our dollar a year is still secure."

"Then I'll spend some of mine when I get back to the hotel," said the Major.

"Why not now, sir?" inquired a pretty young girl who was selling little nosegays of pretty flowers in anticipation of the Dress Parade.

"Why not indeed," replied the Major. "I'll buy thy flowers. But what are they? I thought they were mayflowers."

"I thought they were forgetmenots, the *myosotis*," said Captain Holiday, "but now I see I am mistaken. I do not know them."

"They are the latest thing," said the young flower vendor, "and each of you gentlemen was halfway

right about them. They are a cross between the mayflower and the forgetmenot. They are called mayinots."

"The *Arbusotis Wilsonii*," exclaimed Captain Holiday, who was much interested in botany. "I remember reading of them, but I had never seen them before. I will take a bunch for each of us and one to send to my wife."

"Then I will get one for Sarah," said the Major. So the young girl was able to dispose of five of her nosegays to the gentlemen, which enabled her to purchase a pair of white boots without depriving her dying mother of any of the necessities to which she was accustomed.

It so happened, as it sometimes does, that the ladies for whom the flowers were purchased were not the ones who eventually received them, for on the Dress Parade the Major happened to meet two ladies of the Diplomatic Corps, and when they diplomatically invited the two officers to invite them to dinner there was nothing for it but to offer them the flowers for the occasion.

"We must hurry and put the others in water," said Rollo, after the ladies had parted with them until later in the evening.

"Quite right, my son," said his father, "and that reminds me I have something in my valise to put in water also."

"Good enough," said the Major, "we'll do it," which, on arriving at their room and changing to their pajamas as required by the regulations, they did.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIGHT AT CABIN JOHN

AT breakfast the next morning three officers, with whom the Major and Captain Holiday had become intimately acquainted the midnight before, joined the party at Mustapha's table. Captain Soles from Lynn and Lieutenant Upperson from Brockton were both on the staff of the famous Corps of Chasseurs, while Captain Driver was in the air-plane division of the Inspector-General's bureau.

"It's all well enough to say that an army travels on its belly," said Captain Soles, "but the old Number Nines get there just the same."

"As the poet well said," replied the Lieutenant, whose *esprit de corps* was of the highest,

*'My feet they take me round the camp,
They take me where I please,
If somebody would give the word
They'd take me overseas.'*

"While you would fly over," said Captain Holiday to his new brother-in-arms Captain Driver. "I suppose the air program has been keeping you very busy. I understand no program was ever laid out so wide before."

"Nor so flat," replied Captain Driver. "It was an awful rush at first," he continued. "I'd inspect a program one day and release it, and then the next day along would come a wider one, so I'd have to call in the first film, and then would come another wider still on top of that. And then Creel kept sending in his stuff and that had to be inspected too. He's too quick at figures for accuracy. I don't think I got out of the office for six months."

"It must have been very wearing," said Captain Holiday sympathetically. "Personally I find more constructive effort more stimulating."

"It was," replied Captain Driver. "If I hadn't gotten on to construction when I did I would have been an overworked nervous wreck."

"You seem to have come back all right," said Captain Holiday.

"Oh, it was all right after we got the program done. The building was a mere detail," said Captain Driver. "And then they finished it and sent it over and now I'm having it rather light."

"I did not know the program was completed," exclaimed Captain Holiday. "It shows how wonderfully the censorship controls such information."

"The program was completed six months ago," replied Captain Driver. "I was speaking of the plane we sent over."

"Does the program provide for encores," inquired Major Holiday, who had been listening to the narrative.

"I am not certain that the contracts do," said

Captain Driver, "and I think that the pittance that was appropriated has been expended."

"Easy come, easy go," said the Major, "and now as it is nearly ten o'clock, your superior officer orders you to your roll tops, old tops, so off with us," and the little company laughingly arose to take up the business of another busy day.

The departure of his elders of course left Rollo to his own devices for the rest of the day. He had gotten over feeling lonely in the big hotel, but it was another lovely morning and he wished he had a young male companion to go out and play with him in the bright sunshine. Indeed he was on the point of asking the Major-General if there were no little boys staying in the hotel when something occurred which made the question entirely superfluous.

A clatter of feet interspersed with bumping sounds suddenly issued from a corridor leading to the lobby where Rollo was, and a boyish voice was heard uttering the yip-yip with which the cattle herders in the great West call the cows from pasture. Then the voice cried, "Buck, will you, let's see you do it?" and a boy in scout uniform came galloping around the corner astride of a big stick or cane, charging towards the Major-General. As soon as that officer saw the boy he drew himself up very straight and tall and looked very serious, while the boy reined in short a few paces in front of him and came to a salute. "Sir, the parade is formed," he said.

"Take yo' post, sah," replied the Major-General, returning the salute, and then he and the boy both laughed very heartily.

Rollo looked on at this, greatly interested at the ceremony, and thought this was just the kind of a boy he would like to play with if he could only overcome his natural shyness enough to speak to him or even give the scout sign of distress. Fortunately the new boy had no natural shyness in his system at all, and as soon as the parade was dismissed turned to Rollo whom he had really seen all the time, and said, "Hello, who are you," with a secret scout sign to which Rollo correctly responded.

Before Rollo could answer the question the Major-General answered for him. "Dat's ma young frien' Rollo, Kunnil," he said. "Yo' better 'list him for yo' company."

"Bully," cried the new boy, beaming at Rollo through his spectacles. He had to wear them as he was very far-sighted. "My name's Teddy," he continued. "The General here calls me Colonel because I like soldiers so much."

"So do I," said Rollo. "Why couldn't we play soldiers ourselves?"

"Bully," cried Teddy again, "let's! There's another nice boy here and we'll go get him, and then we'll get everything ready and start a drive somewhere out in the country."

"That will be great fun," said Rollo, enthusiastically. "Who is the other boy?"

"He's a Belgian boy. His name is Albert," answered Teddy as they ran up the stairs to seek their recruit.

"But I can't talk Belgian," said Rollo. "How do you manage?"

"He speaks better English than we do," Teddy answered. "He went to school in England after the Huns came. Then his father came over here to look after the food at this end and Albert came with him. Here's his room."

Teddy pressed a bell and in a moment a handsome boy opened the door and greeted Teddy with warm friendliness, then turning to Rollo with a pleasant smile and extended hand.

"This is Rollo, Albert, and we're going to be soldiers," cried Teddy, full of excitement and eagerness to begin. "Come, get a move on you and get your hat."

Rollo noticed a strange look come over Albert's face as he heard what Teddy said, making him look a great deal older than Rollo knew he really could be.

"Have they come here, too?" Albert asked, his voice quite different from his first way of speaking. "It would not be impossible. Enter, my friends, until I get my pistol also. Then we will do what we can."

"It's play soldiers, you old veteran," cried Teddy, giving his friend a slap on the shoulder. "Not your kind. Rollo," he continued, "this kid's got Jack the Giant Killer skun a mile. He killed two

German soldiers and the King gave him a cross for it. Show it to him, Albert."

Rollo could hardly believe his ears at what he heard, but he knew he would like to see the decoration and expressed his hope that Albert would show it to him.

"Ah, it will be good to play at anything," said Albert, smiling boyishly again. "We did not play much in Belgium after they came. Then you think I shall not need the pistol?"

"Of course not," cried Teddy. "I'll supply the artillery. Now show Rollo the cross."

"Please do, Albert," Rollo urged again. "You must be very brave."

"I find it requires more courage to talk about it than it did to carry the message," said Albert, "and my friend Teddy should not have spoken," he added. "But as he did — it is here." And as he opened his jacket the two American boys could see the decoration pinned inside above the brave young heart.

Teddy's room was only a few doors away, and there the boys were soon busy, rummaging in his arsenal of equipment which he kept in preparedness for anything he might want to undertake. There were only two of the crotched sling-shots in the collection, but he had some extra heavy rubber bands and the bit of leather needed to make the third one and they could cut a crotch when they got out of the city. Teddy took his haversack for the lunch, and each of the boys took about a quarter of a pound of double B shot in their pockets, so thus

armed and equipped the two scouts and their ally started forth on their expedition.

"Look here," exclaimed Teddy, as they walked along, "there are three other boys in that house we are coming to, and if they come along we would be a regular patrol."

"Shall we invite them?" asked Albert. "If they are friends of yours I am sure they would be agreeable companions."

"They aren't real friends of mine, like you," Teddy answered. "I don't know them very well, but we'll ask them, and then we'll be in stronger force in case we meet the enemy."

"The enemy!" exclaimed Rollo. "I thought we were just going to play soldiers."

"That's right," Teddy answered him, "but there are some pretty tough guys out towards Cabin John, and if they see us roasting our potatoes they may rush us."

This was not wholly reassuring to Rollo, whose ways had always been those of peace, but Teddy and Albert seemed in no way disturbed at the prospect, and Rollo felt in a moment that no hungry boy could have a better cause to fight for than some hot roasted potatoes. The hungrier he got the more sure of it he became.

"We'll ask the other kids anyway," said Teddy. "There they are now, playing croquet."

The three boys who were playing on the lawn looked up as the other three came towards them but did not give the usual "Ay-y-y" of salutation,

which Rollo thought lacking in cordiality as he always Ay-y-yed every boy he knew. Then he remembered that he did not know these boys yet nor they him, and of course that was the reason.

"Hello, fellers," cried Teddy. "Lay off on that stuff and come and play soldiers with us. We're going to scout out towards Cabin John and bake potatoes."

"Praties, ye say," shouted one of the players, throwing down his mallet. "Praties, and a fight perhaps! I'm wid ye. But it's the Irish wans, not the yaller swate div'ls?"

"Sure they'll be Irish," answered Teddy emphatically. "You fellers, this is Rollo and Albert, and you fellers," turning to his companions, "this is Eddie House and Woody Whitehouse and Joe Roughhouse." This done, Teddy and Joe began chattering away at once, but the other boys took up the new acquaintance with the shy formality of boyhood, Rollo saying "pleased to meet you," Albert bowing politely, while Eddie smiled but said nothing, and Woody seemed rather bored at being interrupted.

"Come on," cried Teddy. "We'll get the potatoes and things over at that grocery and we'll play we foraged 'em out of a dugout we've raided."

"It would be nice to forage an orange apiece too," suggested Rollo.

"Orange!" shouted Joe, leaping in the air and swinging his fists, "I ate no orange! Green apples with any kid livin', but no orange! Howly St.

Patrick, do yez think I'm Ulster, me laddy-buck?" At this Joe approached Rollo in a very threatening manner, but Eddie quickly stepped up and whispered something in his ear, and Joe proceeded no farther on the course he was apparently about to take. Indeed he joined Teddy in urging his own play-mates to come on the expedition.

"But I don't care to play soldiers," said Woody. "There are too many real ones already, and I much prefer this or golf."

"Well, there are two less than there were," answered Teddy quickly. "Albert killed two of 'em. They were Germans."

"Not members of the German people, I trust," replied Woody with a look of strong disapproval at Albert.

"They were members of the German army," said Albert, "but I suppose you mean private soldiers. No, one was a lieutenant and the other was a sergeant."

"I am glad to hear they were of autocratic station," answered Woody. "The German people must and shall be preserved."

"I'd like to can a few of 'em," said Teddy, his eyes flashing through his spectacles. "But come on any way."

"I do not think I will join you," replied Woody. "I fear that our aims do not coördinate." He turned away to hunt up his croquet ball as if his decision was final, but Eddie whispered something in his ear and he turned back again.

"My decision to join you is irrevocable," said Woody, pulling his cap down firmly on his head, at which Eddie smiled approvingly and nodded his own intention to join the party likewise.

The boys stopped at the grocery for their provision, getting some fine Irish Cobblers for roasting, and Teddy, acting as Commissary, insisted on supplying the lunch for every one, providing so generously that Albert said it would keep a Belgian family a week.

A maple tree in a roadside thicket furnished the needed crotch for the third slingshot for Albert. Joe found two half bricks, his favorite weapons, in a vacant lot, while the other two boys thought that weapons would be unnecessary and cumbersome.

As the country became more wooded Teddy insisted upon all the precautions customary in an advance into hostile territory. He as advance guard went ahead slingshot in hand, while Joe scouted on the right wing and Rollo on the left, Albert and the other boys following along as the main body or center.

As they walked along Teddy in the lead kept a watchful eye ahead, but still was the first to see the different birds chirping in the branches of the trees and was constantly pointing one variety or another as he identified them, now a white-throated-red-rumped warbler, now a pink-eyed-four-toed vireo, all of whom he knew intimately. Suddenly he stopped and leaped behind a tree, the flankers following his example at once while the main body

halted in close formation. Right before them was a trench, newly dug though the gas pipes were not yet laid in it, and the strategic question was whether it was occupied by the enemy or not.

Joe soon proved that it was not, as no return fire was made in reply to the half bricks which he pitched into it with the greatest accuracy, so the patrol advanced upon the works and occupied them without loss.

"If we should have to fall back," said Teddy, "here is a prepared position all ready for us."

"And the makin's av some foine bumbs forninst," cried Joe, as he spied a pile of empty tin cans near by. These he proceeded to fill with small pebbles, making them a most effective shrapnel, Rollo and Albert helping him while Teddy distributed them at suitable firing stations along the trench. Woody did not believe they would be needed, so he and Eddie sat on a warm stone and watched the others until the trench was put in full preparedness and the signal given to continue the advance.

No further signs of enemy occupation were visible, and as they came to a little clearing by a brook Albert said he was getting hungry and suggested that they camp there.

"Ah, my friends, Belgian boys are always hungry," he said with an odd smile. "They have much time to make up for."

Joe was strong in his approval of the idea of starting ahead on the potatoes and in a few minutes the two scouts had a fire going in the fireplace

they made from stones from the brook. No more pleasant spot could have been found for a camp ground, with the green grass to sit on, the budding trees overhead, and the birds making music with the little stream beneath them. The boys decided to begin on the other things while they were waiting for the potatoes to roast in the hot ashes, and results proved that Teddy's generous provision was in no way extravagant.

"Now begorry, the praties," cried Joe, who had assumed the responsibility of this part of the repast. "Sure they must be done by this."

He started to poke out a potato for inspection when there was a sudden splash in the brook beside him, as a large pebble whizzed by him into the water.

"Who heaved the brick?" shouted Joe, dropping his poker and seizing his own chosen weapons.

A small volley from the direction of the first stone answered the question, and about a dozen rough youths appeared at the edge of the clearing following up their attack, shouting their war cry of "Get-t'ell-outer-here-youse" with which they were accustomed to strike terror to their victims.

These prospective ones were of sterner stuff.

"Trees, boys," shouted Teddy. "Fire low," at the same time letting drive with his slingshot so effectively that one of the leaders of the charge stopped short to nurse a bright red spot on his bare white skin.

Rollo was more familiar with the use of the sling-

shot than Albert was, though the latter had gained much in marksmanship, practicing as he walked along, and with their added fire the hostile drive soon slowed up and finally stopped. Joe was saving his weapons for closer range and taunted the enemy to dare to come within it. Far from doing this his halt turned to a retreat, as the fire of the slingshots was galling in the extreme or wherever else it hit and there was no supply of missiles on the leaf-strewn ground with which to return it. Slowly they gave way, one after the other uttering loud cries as another double B would find and leave its ruddy mark.

"Snipers to the front," shouted Teddy. "You, Joe, fill the haversack and we'll cover you," and Joe set about rescuing the now well-cooked potatoes, still shouting threats and epithets at the would-be despoilers of his national flower.

As soon as Joe reported that the *casus belli* was safely in the *status quo ante* Teddy told the others that as contact with the enemy had been established it was now their duty to fall back upon the main body though Joe was fierce for hot pursuit.

"We'll fight a rear-guard action at the trench if they follow us," said Teddy, which satisfied Joe entirely as he wanted to see how his shrapnel would work as a practical matter.

"If such is our duty," said Woody, "to me it will be a pleasant one. I think playing soldiers is an over-rated amusement, so let us proceed to withdraw as speedily as possible, but, of course," he

added as Eddie whispered something in his ear, "with due decorum."

The retreat was carried out in masterly style. The slingshots outranged the best stone throwers of the enemy forces which followed after with munition supply restored, and an occasional ambushade made the pursuit slow and hesitant, though it was doggedly maintained. At last the patrol was within a short distance of the trench and for the moment the enemy had not yet appeared over a low ridge which separated the two forces.

"Now, in with you while they can't see us!" ordered Teddy, and down into the trench they went and had completely vanished when the enemy peered over the top of the ridge. The heads of the pursuers disappeared again as if for a consultation. Then two heads appeared, as if the leaders were reconnoitering the fresh-banked earth of the trench. "They'll come," said Teddy exultantly, "and when they get near enough give 'em the bombs. That'll settle 'em."

"May I not endeavor to settle it less violently?" asked Woody, who did not seem to be enjoying himself. "I think that if I wrote them a pleasant peaceable note and Joe threw it over to them on one of his projectiles we could negotiate our withdrawal without further jeopardy."

"No worruds of pace goes with a half brick from the hand of an Irishman," said Joe in a determined manner. "I've consarved thim all mornin' fur this blessid momint I see approachin'."

The renewed advance of the enemy in mass formation across the ridge showed that all suggestion of a negotiated peace was futile. On came the rough youths, slowly and suspiciously, for they did not yet understand the sudden disappearance of the patrol and did not know it really was a trench they were approaching. Something caught the leader's eye and he stopped, the others closing in on him. "Now!" yelled Teddy, and at the word the air was full of clattering cans from which a storm of pebbles rained down on them. Joe found a target for each of his more ponderous projectiles, but apart from the aches and bruises the attacking party received so unexpectedly, the very suddenness and surprise of the bombardment had done its work and the enemy broke and fled, pursued by the rapid fire from the 75s, which Albert had christened the slingshots when he saw how effective they were.

Joe leaped upon the parapet and hurled after the shattered foe the shrill cry of victory with which his ancestors, kings on both sides of the family, had proclaimed their own in dear old Ireland, and the other boys quickly climbed out over the top and joined him there.

"And now for the spuds," cried Teddy, reaching down for the haversack. "Bully, they're fine and hot still. I feel my appetite coming back."

"I am still a Belgian," said Albert with a smile, as he reached for his. "I also."

"I still believe," said Woody as he opened his potato with his penknife, "that I could have ar-

ranged a similar result by negotiation. And it seems to me that it would be upon a higher plane."

"But not half so much fun," said Teddy, with his mouth full, with whom Rollo and Albert were heartily in accord in both thought and deed.

"Yis, and, Woody, me bye," said Joe, "in the ould way they stay licked, which is a grand thing for the nixt lads," while Eddie, still smiling pleasantly, helped himself to another potato.

CHAPTER XII

A SUNDAY IN WASHINGTON

NOTHING is more conducive to the growth of friendship than to share the perils of combat with one's companions and fight shoulder to shoulder with them, unless the shoulder be a cold one in which case no growth is possible, for a cold shoulder is the outward and visible sign of a cold heart. So it was that after the affair at Cabin John, Rollo found himself firm in the feeling that Teddy with his dashing buoyant spirit and quick intelligence, and Albert with his high-bred courage and courtesy, were the two very nicest friends he had ever known. They, in turn, showed the greatest friendliness towards Rollo, for though his voice had not been loud for war at the outset, when the onset came he was as valiant as themselves, once the issue of might against right had been drawn and roused the spirit of his New England ancestors. The three boys became inseparable, and as so often happens, the friendly relations established by the members of the younger generation soon extended to their elders, which made it the more pleasant for Captain Holiday and the Major in the hours they had at their disposal for social intercourse after official duties were over. While their elders were thus engaged the

boys went about together to the different points of interest in the city or went on scouting trips into the country to observe the migrating birds and gather the early spring flowers which were just beginning to appear. Of course they were all new to Albert and some of them to Rollo as well, but Teddy knew them all and generously shared his knowledge with his companions. Joe occasionally stole away from his own friends to come with them, but Eddie and Woody did not seem to care for the same sort of things and stuck to their croquet in which Woody found equal victory with greater peace, for Eddie was always very careful to miss the stake at crucial moments in the game. They had been invited to go on several scouting trips but had declined, and finally Woody had sent Eddie over with a note to Teddy saying that upon full consideration might he not request to be excused from all future relations with one whose primitive psychology made him such an unsafe guide. Teddy laughed when he read the note, and a few days afterwards invited Woody and his two companions to come on a trip to Mt. Vernon which his father was giving for the boys, but Woody sent Eddie over with another note saying there were some things about the Father of his Country of which he did not wholly approve and might he not be excused. So Teddy told Eddie to say that he bully well might, at which Eddie smiled pleasantly and took back the message, which he carefully edited before whispering it to his friend. Joe managed to catch the boat just as

it was leaving, for the Irish broth of the boy warmed to the other lads in spite of the self-interest which held him partisan to his earlier companionship.

St. Patrick's Day came on Sunday this year, and with true Irish hospitality Joe returned the courtesies he had received by arranging for his new friends to have seats on the grand stand to see him march by with his Home Rule banner at the head of the Sons of Sinn Fein.

"But, Joe," said Rollo, after the procession was over, "if you all want Home Rule and freedom for Ireland so much, why don't you just pack up and go home and rule it?"

"Ah, me bye," said Joe impressively, "the New Freedom is a matther av absint tratemint."

"And the 'Sinn Fein' on the banner, Joe; what does that mean?" asked Albert. "A saying of one of your statesmen, I suppose."

"It is that," replied Joe, "and the dirty English av it wud be 'me for meself' near loikes, just what they all say only they don't say it."

On the way back to the hotel Teddy and Rollo and Albert were walking along when they saw some persons ahead of them in the park who were evidently also returning from the great patriotic ceremony. They were in a sort of procession too, a dark gentleman in a handsome uniform and a fez on his head in the lead, then a group of ladies, all wearing veils and womanalls of rich silken fabrics, followed by another dark gentleman wearing a plumed turban and a less elaborate uniform.

"Hello," said Teddy, as he saw the company ahead, "look who's here. What's that bunch, I wonder?"

"I know," said Albert quickly. "They came over on our steamer. That is the Turkish minister and the ladies of his harem and David, the Chief Eunuch, their chaperon." Albert, being a European, was familiar with the manners and customs which are prevalent in foreign countries, of which the two American boys were still virtuously ignorant.

"Turks," cried Teddy, "they're alien enemies!" and before either of his companions could imagine what the roused young patriot was about to do he rushed upon the potentate and bit him in the leg. The Chief Eunuch was so aghast at the onslaught of the young infidel upon the Prophet's favorite son that he stood speechless for a moment while the ladies tittered audibly behind their yashmaks, but roused to consciousness again by the genealogical comments the diplomat was bellowing at his assailant, the minion seized Teddy by the shoulder before he could get away. It looked so bad for their playmate that Albert and Rollo started for the Chief Eunuch at once to effect a rescue, but before they were half way, the captured boy, by a combination of la savate and jiu jitsu, with both of which systems of defense he was familiar, had not only freed himself from a fate worse than death, but had inflicted such retaliation upon his captor that an ordinary man could not have borne it at all. The

Turkish officers did not dare to leave the young ladies as there were many young officers in uniform passing on the promenade, so no pursuit of the escaped young gíaur and his companions was attempted.

"But why did you go for him like that," asked Rollo, after they had slowed down to a walk. "We aren't at war with Turkey."

"I am," said Teddy emphatically, "and if I ever get the bulge on a Bulgarian I'll fix him too. If they're to walk our streets they'll walk lame," he added, even more emphatically.

This Sunday coming on St. Patrick's Day as it did was indeed a restless day with its morning ceremonies of church and state, and there was still more to come. Censor-General Creel in his other office of Dictator of Public Opinion had recently dictated the passage of a bill by Congress ordering all citizens over the minimum draft age to assemble in the churches in the afternoon of this day and offer up praise and thanksgiving to him and the other members of the administration. Some of the usual critical and fault-finding Senators had objected, when Senator Superman had proposed the measure which the Postmaster-General had personally delivered to him, on the ground that the Censor-General could already do anything he wanted to or leave undone anything he did not want to do, and that further legislation was unnecessary. To this Senator Superman made the unanswerable reply that he wouldn't be happy till he got it, so senatorial

courtesy prevailed as usual, the bill was passed and all the church choirs in the country began practicing the Te Deum which the Dictator of Public Opinion had already written for the occasion. It had been arranged with the Food Administration to have the services at the most inconvenient hour the officials could set, so it was from a hurried luncheon that the party from the hotel started for the church they had selected for their attendance. Subsequent figures showed that the saving of the extra but entirely unnecessary slice of roast beef, the additional slice of bread to go with it and the piece of apple pie for which there was not time at all amounted in the aggregate to five thousand Shorthorn steers, fifty thousand barrels of flour and thirty thousand barrels of apples, all of which were immediately sent to our brave allies. In spite of the punctuality of the party, for the penalty for the lack of it was drastic, it was some little time before the official program was actually begun because of the continued confusion at the door as the provost guard kept bringing in unthankful stragglers, but finally the Assistant-Dictator in charge read the proclamation and as he ended it the rich tones of the great organ rang out in swelling harmonies in which the vocalists joined their own. A copy of the Dictator's new version of the ancient anthem, in which the Latin though but little else had been retained by the author, had been placed in every seat in the pews, signed with his own personal rubber stamp, and Albert's father, who was a graduate of the University of

Louvain, was much interested as he perused this modern masterpiece of praise. It so happened that the other gentlemen had confined themselves to the scientific branches and modern languages and the boys had taken no Latin either, so the Belgian gentleman was the only one in the pew who could translate it. This, in spite of the Major's urgent request, he declined to do, though with perfect courtesy, nor will the author venture to transmute and interpret the subtleties of phrase and thought as here inscribed as upon sounding brass. But the official version was this:

Te Deum laudamus!
Dulce et decorum est pro patria loqui!
Ego, vox et praeterea nihil,
Ego Georgius te laudo
Et arma virumque cano.
Te laudo ob inertiam magnificatam
Non paratam patriam
Et statu quo ante bellum
In anno mirabili primo.
Ego Georgius te laudo
Quia ense non petit placidam
Atque lingua et operibus scriptis
Ad nauseam
Germanos catapultavit.
Sic semper tyannis!
Haec olim meminisse juvebit.

As the last notes died away the Assistant-Dictator dismissed the congregation with a few censorious remarks which they were too thankful to pay much attention to. Albert's father said he wished to

make a further study of the Latin text and that he and his son would return to their apartments.

"Sir," said Teddy's father to Captain Holiday, who had proposed a walk in company, "as my present emotions incapacitate me for polite conversation I shall follow our friend's example. Good afternoon. Come, my son, we must hang together or we'll hang separately, as poor Richard put it."

As the Holidays were left to their own resources the Major suggested that they take a stroll down to the Potomac towards the Navy Yard, and as the Captain had been at work inspecting a great mass of statistics from the Shipping Board the suggestion appealed to him. According to the last program he had inspected there were ten ships launched the very day before, lying in the channel off the new shipyard at that very moment waiting to be christened with their musical Indian names.

"To be honest, George," he said, "I am getting a bit fed up with paper ships and things. It will be a pleasure to see those masses of words and figures in tangible form afloat and ready. Perhaps we can go aboard one of them and walk the quarter deck."

"It looks from here," replied the Major, "as if you would get your feet wet. There is the usual anchorage, but I see no ships. Nor do I see anything new in shipyards either," he added, scanning the lower shore.

"You must be mistaken, certainly," exclaimed Captain Holiday. "Only last week I inspected

the statistics of the entire plant for the third time, and as to the ships, why, I can remember some of their names. There was the *Chemquassabamticook*, the *Mattagamonsis*, the *Narroguagus*, and the *Welokennebacook* and the *Umbazooksis*. The others were less familiar."

"Why don't they name one of them for our brook, father, the *Quoquinnopassakessananagnog*?" asked Rollo.

"Why not, indeed?" cried the Major. "No commander would ever dare report a name like that. They'd shoot him."

"I think some that have been chosen will make things interesting at Wihelmstrasse," replied the Captain. "I would enjoy hearing Von Tirpitz tackle *Welokennebacook*. But, George," he exclaimed, "I believe you are right! Right there was where the yard should be according to the last blueprints, and it is not there, and I do not see any more ships than you say you do. Do your sharp young eyes see any, my son," he asked, addressing Rollo.

"No, sir," replied Rollo. "All I see is a row-boat at the shore and a gentleman fishing from the back of it."

"We will make further inquiries of him," said Captain Holiday. "He will doubtless know the facts."

"I think I have them already," cried the Major. "What were those ships to be, concrete or otherwise?"

"They were not to be concrete ships," replied the Captain. "Why do you ask?"

"Because your answer explains everything. If they were not to be concrete, then of course they were to be in the abstract," said the Major, "and there you are. I don't see but that the program is entirely consistent."

"That must be the solution," replied the Captain, much relieved that his inspection of Mr. Hurley's statistics had been justified in the results arrived at. "And it shows," he added, "how ill-advised one can be even after much serious study of a problem, for I will admit I was much disappointed when I did not see the ships."

"You are not the only one," replied the Major.

By this time they had come to the boat which Rollo had noticed with the gentleman fishing from it. He was a very pleasant looking gentleman as he smiled towards the new arrivals while Rollo asked him politely if he had caught anything.

"No, my boy," he answered, "I have not, and as the tide has turned I was on the point of reeling in my line."

This he proceeded to do, and then stepped ashore leaving his rod in the boat.

"I trust that our arrival has not discommoded you," said Captain Holiday. "We will go away at once if that is the case."

"Not in the slightest," replied the fisherman. "Stay a short time at least. It will be most agreeable to me to take up human intercourse again. I

have been fishing so much since the war began that I have had little of it."

"Can you fish on Sunday?" asked Rollo.

"No, indeed, my boy," replied the fisherman, and added quickly, "Is it Sunday? I didn't know, the days are so much alike now. But your days must be busy ones, gentlemen," he continued with more animation. "I see you are in the service."

"Yes," replied the Major, "we are. This is my brother, Captain Holiday, and my nephew Rollo, and I am Major Holiday of the Ignition Bureau."

"I am very much pleased to meet you," replied the fisherman, shaking hands with his new acquaintance. "My name is Lansing."

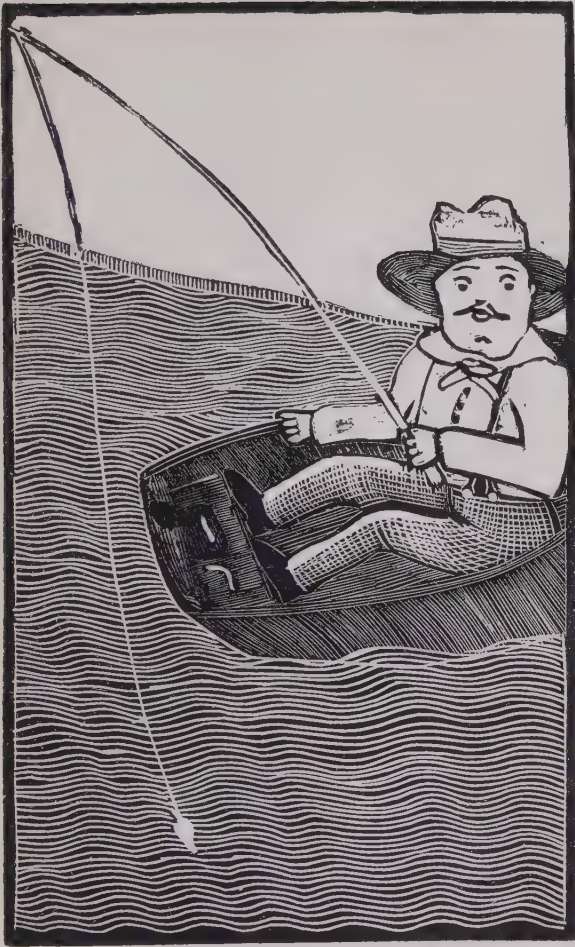
"The name is familiar," said Captain Holiday. "There was a member of the Cabinet by that name. I think he was Secretary of State."

"I am that man," said Mr. Lansing. "I suppose I am a member of the Cabinet still, but there wasn't anything for me to do, so I went fishing. I am very fond of fishing," he added musingly. "But what is the news?"

"There is none any more," replied the Major, who much missed the now discontinued Sunday papers. "The *Official Bulletin* and the *Congressional Record* and Creel's stuff needed all the stock the *Post* and the rest of them had and they went out of business."

"But there must be something going about," said Mr. Lansing. "There always was in my time."

"Well," said the Major, "there is a rumor that



“ HE WAS A VERY PLEASANT LOOKING GENTLE-
MAN ” .

we've got in Dutch about some ships. I don't understand it myself and perhaps you can explain it to me."

"It sounds like a question of international law," replied Mr. Lansing. "I am a little rusty, but if you will state the facts perhaps I can make it clearer to you. How was it?"

"As I understand it," replied the Major, "there were a lot of Dutch ships over here after flour and meal and one thing or another for their German trade and we shut down on letting them have it."

"But would not that cause distress to the German people," inquired Mr. Lansing. "In my time that was against the most cherished aims of the Administration."

"Is that why no spies are executed by the Executive Department?" inquired Captain Holiday. "It hardly seems to live up to its name in that particular."

"That is the psychology of it," replied Mr. Lansing. "But let us return to our ships."

"Then," went on the Major, "there was a lot of talk about hiring the ships from the Hollanders and rationing them to pay for it, but the Kaiser stepped on that as it meant making good on the subs' dirty work."

"I take it you refer to the Leave-no-trace boats," Mr. Lansing commented. "I thought some statistics had been prepared for their suppression."

"We have some ballistics which have helped some," replied the Major. "But at all events, the

next thing was that we pinched the ships and the Dutch got angry as hornets about it."

"Ah, now I understand," said Mr. Lansing. "The *lex angaria*. The shipowners always get angry when it is put in operation. That is what gives it its name."

"I took a course of International Law at College," said Captain Holiday, who had been content to listen to the conversation until now, "and as I recall it, its Code was entirely one of precedents."

"Precisely," said Mr. Lansing. "First they'd do it, and then the principles would be established by the writers. The team play was perfect."

"And my memory is," continued Captain Holiday, "that the various precedents were always established by those countries which had the power to establish them. As, for example, Van Tromp sails up the English channel with his broom at his mast head, and Grotius discovers the *lex Van Trompia*."

"Ah, but since then England has made those waters *Mare Clausum*," cried Mr. Lansing.

"And thank God for it," replied Captain Holiday fervently. "But I think you will agree with me that if the *lex Van Trompia* were still in full force and effect, the *lex angaria* would not be."

"Captain," replied Mr. Lansing, "fishing is conducive to contemplation. I need cite only the Compleat Angler in support of that proposition. And I will say to you that as I have sat here day after day, since my official duties became less onerous, and watched the tides, I have thought much upon the

ebb and flow of lives and nations. And now I know what I could never learn at any desk, that force is power, whether for good or ill. The written word is chaff. The spoken word is wind without the heart-beat back of it. If a thing be done in a righteous cause that right may come of it, it is the law, but let that thing be done by the high hand, in willful might or in the greed of selfishness, and all the text books in the libraries, and veiled hypocrisies, and the necessity that knows no law can give it no morality." As he ceased speaking Mr. Lansing looked out over the wide river in silence for a few moments, and then turned to his thoughtful listeners with a quick smile.

"And now, Major," he said, "having heard the argument, what is your judgment on the ships?"

"That they were well taken," replied the Major at once, "but not under the angry law."

"I concur," said Mr. Lansing, "and we will so enter it."

"Mr. Secretary," said Captain Holiday, "it seems to me that you really agree with my old instructor. I remember that in his last lecture to us he said that if we had learned that there was no such thing as International Law he had taught us all he knew."

"He was a wise man," replied Mr. Lansing. "And now, gentlemen, I must start along. It has been a great pleasure to talk things over with you, and I hope we shall meet again."

He got into his boat and took the oars while Rollo stood by to push off when he was ready.

"Thank you, Rollo," he said as he noticed this. "But before I go tell me what you made out of what we old fellows were talking about."

"I think it meant to speak the truth," answered Rollo, who had been thinking about it very hard indeed.

"I think so too. Good-by, my boy," and in a moment swung into the current of the river.

"He has to go against the tide," cried Rollo as he watched the progress of the little boat upstream.

"Men with such ideas always do," replied the Major. "I wish there were more of them."

CHAPTER XIII

THE LAST DAYS

THE Spring days came on, bringing with them regeneration and new vigor even to the lowest forms of life, however dormant, and as the hibernating bear within its den first stretches, yawns, then grunts and sallies forth into the light of day, so did new energies surge revived throughout the usual channels of the Departments, the Bureaus and the Boards. Those who ran in official circles, the high, the middle or the low, ran faster and in more various directions. Those who sat tight in office chairs sat tighter. Makers of programs made them more expansive and collapsible. The Priority Board was so previous it got in its own way. The Food Administration burgeoned into such productiveness that two pigs grew within a night where none had grown before, and buttered toast and whited sandwiches with Liber-tea at four o'clock at the hotels was made a test of loyalty. Under its decree the nation's hens outvolleyed the new Browning gun in rapid fire, causing its inventor much chagrin. The Coal Administration turned on another radiator and had a million tags for shovels printed with "You're It" on them in large white letters so that one could see them in the cellar, thus providing against the recur-

rence of such hardships as had been experienced the past winter. Those who appropriated money appropriated more of it. Those who spent the money spent more of it. No maple tree was running sweeter sap. Those who were told to save their money wondered more than ever how they were going to pay for their wheat substitutes.

As the output of nearly all these speeded-up activities had to go through the Inspector-General's Bureau as a first step in all this beginning to get ready to prepare, Captain Holiday soon found his desk completely covered with plans and programs with their attendant schedules and specifications for inspection. At times he even found it necessary to bring some problem home with him when the bugles sounded the retreat at three o'clock, so that his intellectual efforts would not suffer loss of continuity of grasp. This was particularly true in regard to the statistics from the Shipping Board and Captain Driver's Airplane Bureau, where there was so little that was tangible at all that the slightest relaxation might destroy all possible expectation of subsequent connection. Such was his diligence and pertinacity, however, that only in one instance was his inspection still unfinished when the next succeeding program was laid upon his desk, but as that was revoked before noon of the same day no real strategic setback ensued to the program as a comprehensive whole, which is the only way in which affairs of such momentous magnitude should be visualized.

Yet in spite of his consciousness that he was

doing what he was ordered to do with all the efficiency of the oldest officers, and of the recognition of it by his chief, Captain Holiday found that the work was not satisfying him as it had at first. Something seemed lacking in it, just as the new shipyard and the ships with the Indian names had been lacking when he had looked for them on St. Patrick's Day and found all quiet along the Potomac in spite of the care he had given to his inspection of the plans and figures for them. Finally he decided that it must be he that had changed, for the work in the Bureau was just the same only there was more of it. With this came a consciousness of a different but as yet indefinite point of view towards the war from the one from which he had decided to go to Washington, not only as towards the present war but towards all war. Just what the change was he could not say, but it was there, becoming more and more a part of himself with which he grew less content. As he looked back he saw that he had left home with thoughts of new and pleasurable personal experience and probable reward before his mind, and the desire to be in such place and power as might be attainable in the greatest remaking of the spirit of this world in nineteen hundred years. He had had new experiences and they had been pleasurable. But they were not so much so. He had attained place. His uniform showed that. His power, the living force of him, himself. How about that? This thing the world calls "war" and which he had called "it." He was in it. But was he of it?

He was not ready to answer that yet, nor could the Major answer it for him, for strangely enough it had happened that the Major had come to a very like state of mind.

This had come about for the reason that the Ignition Bureau was still sitting in a state of umbilical contemplation owing to the continued absence of the Secretary of War three thousand miles away, and as no explanation of the latest office chart had yet been cabled over to give the spark to its activities, time hung heavy on the hands of its personnel. It alone of all the Bureaus in the Department had no program, and yet such was the capaciousness of Congressional criticism that this very fact was brought up against it in the Senate. Goaded by this, certain of the younger officers were urgent in their requests to the Chief to prepare one even at the almost certain risk of a court martial, but this came to nothing. The Chief was certain that their work would have to do with the time fuses for the shells which were being planned by the Ordnance, but the First Assistant was equally certain that they were to coöperate on camp kitchens which were being planned by the Commissary, and it seemed better to maintain an orderly and neutral inactivity than to start on what might prove to be the wrong one of two such diverse problems.

The result was that the Major spent a good deal of his time fishing with Mr. Lansing or taking Rollo and Teddy and Albert about the city and to neighboring places of interest, with an occasional visit to his

wife who was still in jail, though her punctured victim was said to be improving. But more insidious than all these things in its effect upon the Major's morale was the fact that his enforced leisure had brought it to his attention that he was neither doing nor dying, and he began to reason why, which no soldier should ever do.

It was not only in Washington that the spring had brought its changes with it, for while Rear-Admiral Grayson renewed his convoy duties on the links, Rear-Admiral Sims redoubled the activities of his destroyers off the Irish coast. In France, the full three thousand miles away, General Pershing stood up in his appointed place beneath its sun as it shone upon the one leader of its men the country was allowed, standing where its leaders have been wont to stand, up with the colors at their head and front. Planted in the mud of winter rains and snows, his splendid eager boys blossomed beneath it into trained fighting men, well skilled with bombs and bayonets, receiving honorable comradeship from those old in the war, even as they gave it from their brave hearts.

Planted in the gun pits, others of them bloomed into trained artillerists, sighting their borrowed guns with war aims as deadly as the simple creed of the philosophers who had instructed them. "But yes, my friends, one must kill the Germans. All else follows, and then we may go home again and work in our gardens."

And the spring sun of France, warming the seeds

of Truth thus sown in minds that had been waiting for it, beheld an army, sane at last in mind as it was sound in body, and with coherent voice and purpose. Would that its younger brothers still at home at school were taught likewise in stark simplicity instead of in half-heartedness and cant.

Another thing on which the sun of France looked down was the fair silken tile of the War Secretary, gleaming like the white plume of Henry of Navarre among the steel helmets of his knights and pawns. Where Sheridan had galloped to the front a paltry twenty miles, this Happy Warrior had totted up three thousand, and his heart was warm at the mathematical demonstration of the parallel. The crowning glory of American statesmanship had been somewhat battered in the darkness of the wine cellar, but on emergence a reorganization had been effected and it now shone refulgent as the sun of Austerlitz.

Beneath it, even as the well-known Mr. Chaplin is wont to register upon his mobile countenance the whole gamut of human emotion with lightning-like rapidity, so did the features of the Secretary register the surges of amazement and satisfaction with which his being was suffused. He was amazed at the material that had been transported to a port in France, and could not imagine where it had all come from. But he was satisfied. He was amazed at the railways our world's best engineers had laid out from this unknown port of unbuilt ships. But he was satisfied that they had done it. He was amazed

at the trenches and the dugouts and at the men who manned them. Fortunately they satisfied him also. He was amazed to see how broad and strong their commander had grown from contact with the broad strong men with whom he worked, so that one bright morning as they walked side by side, the shadow of the General fell upon his own and blotted it from sight. Except for this, the Secretary was so well satisfied that he gave but two decrees, that *liaison* officers be abolished and *hors de combat* be suppressed.

For an active and inquiring mind there must be personal experience for perfect understanding, and a visit to the front line trenches was arranged. As soon as the German secret service learned of this, strict orders were hurried to all the batteries then bombarding the honored sector to cease firing as soon as the air men reported his arrival, and this unusual courtesy extended by the usually murderous adversary made the statesman's traverse like the flitting of the dove of peace.

The snipers also had been warned along with the batteries, and though the target was at times a tempting one as it shone high above the sandbags, stern discipline prevailed and the silken helm returned to billets unpunctured and immaculate. This also was as amazing as it was satisfactory. There in an idle hour, even as a boy will take apart his Christmas Ingersoll to delve into its inner mysteries and see the wheels go round, so did the War Scribe take apart the country's army piece by piece to see

what made it go, and fared him forth to sunny Italy.

Even as the gentle rain falls on the unjust with the just, so did the sun of France shine down upon its soil enslaved as on the Elysian Fields. Even as the carrion carcass of a locoed bull swells with its poisonous gases and corruption in the heat, so did the gathered might of Germany grow big and swell and burst in maggot swarms against the barrier which rose against it. Again the thin line held, bending as tempered steel will bend, without the sought-for splintering. A dent made whole again, yielding of ground left red as Flanders poppy fields, and piled with tokens of the price the Huns had paid for it. The whole world held its breath while those men gasped out theirs and died for it, each one its savior as if he had been crucified. Then the foul tide went flat. Then the world breathed again, and in its heart was something it had never known before.

General Pershing had known what that something was for a long time. He had been patiently waiting for his orders in regard to it but they were never given him. As he heard the thunderous firing to the north of him he knew the time had come, just as every man on the western front knew it was bound to come, and still he stood there, without authority and impotent to serve those men in their sore need. Yet no word came, and staking his command upon the deed, he gave the country and its army under him the single act of whole-souled leadership within its year of war.



“THE TARGET WAS AT TIMES A TEMPTING ONE”

"Take what I have," he cried. "Take me, my men, all that we have, but only let us serve. You have your glory. Let us but serve you; as we may and share a little of it." And he took the parts the Secretary had left scattered about and gave them to those men, and they repaired their shattered works with them and made them whole, a main-spring here, a pivot there. And the Government at Washington, which still lived, though from the coldness of its heart one would have hardly guessed it, said that it might be so.

When the great drive began it was so obvious a fact that high official circles refused as usual to face it. It was a feint, so generalized the Generals whose paper programs fluttered in the gust of it. As blow on blow drove understanding home, even as the boy who took his watch apart will whistle on a dark and lonely road to keep his courage up, so was there given out reminder that the Secretary was still "Over There" for reassurance, and that by his side there stood our Mr. H. Daedalus Baker of the Aegis Airplane Company of Cleveland, Ohio, as stood the Dioscuri with the Greeks. The country breathed again and when it learned how in his wisdom the Secretary had appointed Foch to the supreme command, it went about its customary business, for those were busy days. There was the third great loan to be put out and over. There was another Easter come, its lilies wet with tears. There was the First of April with its flippant fooleries, and hard upon it came the anniversary of America's

first words of war. In celebrating those, more flowed, and it was given out on high authority that war must be waged by force, disillusioning as such a state of things might be. Then returned the Secretary and gave it out that amazing as it was, he was satisfied that such was the case, and that his observations had confirmed him in that opinion. He would reorganize the War Department on those lines.

Albert's father had been of such opinion during the last four years and it was perhaps due to his frequent expression of it that the Major and Captain Holiday and Teddy's father had the same thought before the official pronouncement of it. It had become the pleasant custom for the little group to gather in the evenings in the Belgian gentleman's apartments where he would explain the movements on the battlefields with which he was familiar, the boys listening with as much interest as did their elders. Teddy had even mounted a large map on cardboard and carefully marked every move on it with colored pins, which was very helpful to all.

One of these pleasant and instructive evenings was in progress after a dinner in the apartments to which the usual company had been invited by the host, when he surprised them all with the information that the entertainment was in farewell. Teddy and Rollo both cried out in dismay at this for they had become very fond of Albert and grieved to part with him. "Yes, my friends," said the Belgian gentleman, "I have received instructions

to return to England to be close at hand when my country is set free. And they advise me that it may be soon."

"Do you mean that the war is almost over," shouted Teddy's father, "and that we — " He sat down again as suddenly as he had jumped up. "There I go again," he exclaimed. "I might as well tell you now, I've got to leave, too. They've suppressed my magazine and handed me my passports. They said there was too much explosive in it."

Rollo was doubly distressed to hear this, as Teddy's going would leave him forsaken by both his playmates. "Oh, sir," he begged, "can you not let Teddy stay and play with me? I shall be all alone."

"I can do better than that, my boy," said the kind gentleman. "I am going to ask your father to let you come and visit Teddy for a while."

"Oh, bully," cried Teddy. "Can't you let Albert come, too, sir," he asked of his other playmate's father.

"I join in that request," continued his own father. "Leave your boy with me until things get straightened out a little. We will take good care of him and it is the sensible thing to do."

"It is," replied the Belgian gentleman earnestly, "and it relieves me of my greatest anxiety. Albert, will you do this until I can see the way more clearly for us?"

"Yes, father," replied Albert respectfully. "If

it is best that I should not be with you there is nothing I would rather do."

"Oh, bully, bully," cried Teddy gleefully. "We will just stay together and play soldiers and sail my boat and discover places and everything," and the three boys romped and danced with joy at the thought of the pleasures that lay before them.

"Rollo evidently accepts your kind invitation," said Captain Holiday, smiling, "though informally. I only wish to add that when it is time for him to come home Teddy and Albert must come with him and see a little of New England."

This addition to the program was received with increased delight by the three playmates who withdrew to Albert's bedroom to discuss future ways and means of filling each day to overflowing, leaving their elders to take up their conversation where its course had been diverted.

"As to the ending of the war," inquired Major Holiday, "are you at liberty to speak of the news you have received?"

"It is hardly news," the Belgian gentleman replied. "It is rather the expression of the growing opinion that the wave has tossed its crest and must recede. It cannot go forward so it must go back, and the recoil of such a force may well prove destruction to itself. Those splendid Englishmen and those gallant French have fought it down for all the world."

"Fought it down," repeated Captain Holiday slowly. "Indeed they have."

"George," he continued, turning to his brother, "you and I are regarded as in the war. Have you fought down anything? I don't think I have, other than a few seditious emotions."

"No," said the Major, "I don't think I have either."

"What is war," continued the Captain. "I have thought much of it. It's fighting, isn't it?"

"Destruction," said the Belgian gentleman, remembering things his eyes had seen.

"It's service," said Teddy's father, thinking of what he had sought to give.

"Sherman said it's hell," said the Major. "Let's ask the boys. They'll know." And calling them into the room he did so.

"It's killing Germans, of course," said Albert.

"It's fighting," said Teddy.

"Yes," said Rollo, "that's it. It's fighting."

"They are still young enough to think straight," said Captain Holiday.

"Let us combine our more confused ideas and say that it is rendering service in fighting and destruction. That is about it, isn't it?"

The others nodded silently and he went on.

"Then if one fails in that he's not at war. Construction is not war, however great the need of it. Even the ship builder is not a warrior. I with my programs am no part of war, nor you, George, with your charts and plans. These uniforms should clothe two soldiers, not two clerks, and that is what we are and thousands more. I've got some

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overalls at home and back I go to them and get my feet on earth again."

Major Holiday was about to say something to his brother's excited expressions when an orderly entered the room with a telegram for him.

"Excuse me a moment while I read this," he said as he tore it open. "Hello, it's from Sarah. They've let her out but deported her to New York. This is from the Plaza. That settles it. I'm with you. I've been thinking for a good while that the only way to go to war is to go and lick somebody. What will we do, resign to-morrow and all go back in the afternoon?"

Teddy's father urged this very strongly, and as the Belgian gentleman had already secured his tickets for that time this was agreed upon by all.

The following morning the Major and Captain Holiday went to their respective Bureaus the first thing and tendered their resignations, which their superior officers regretfully accepted. As the late Captain was taking his leave of the Inspector-General he said to him, "Sir, I have a suggestion to make which I think would win the war if it were carried out to its logical conclusion."

"Form K. 468," replied the Inspector-General, handing him the official document to fill out. "What is it?"

"I have just resigned my commission for the

good of the service," said Mr. Holiday, dropping K. 468 into the waste basket. "Has it ever occurred to you how patriotic it would be for you to do likewise?"

"No," replied the Inspector-General, "it never has, but I suppose it would be. Then there would be no Bureau."

"That is the first step," said Mr. Holiday, "and the second one is for you to make the same suggestion to your own superior."

"But that is —" gasped the Inspector-General.

"Precisely," replied Mr. Holiday. "I hope you will put it in operation."

After paying his hotel bill Mr. Holiday expended what remained of the German spy's trust funds in some Liberty bonds for Mrs. Holiday, purchasing them of a pretty actress in the lobby of the hotel who still had a few thousand dollars' worth undisposed of, while Rollo said good-by to the Major-General who had already commandeered a *camion* to take them to the station.

In such pleasant company the journey to New York seemed short to all, bringing the time of separation all too soon. Teddy's father took charge of the boys and made a close connection for the Long Island Railroad. The Belgian gentleman hurried to his steamer lying in an American port ready to elude the watchful spies at midnight. Mr. Holiday, who had neglected to call upon his sister-in-law in jail, deemed it wiser to absent himself from her reunion with her husband and sought the mid-

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night train after a frugal repast and sending a night letter to Mrs. Holiday advising her of his return and Rollo's visit.

The darkness spared him the sight of the devastations war had brought upon New England which had so distressed him on his prior journey, but the car yards in Boston looked about the same as usual when he looked out from the dressing-room in the early morning. A procession of patriots from the West End on their way to Palestine nearly lost him his train for the last stage of his journey, but by making a detour in flank he arrived just in time, and at its end there was Jonas and the carryall at the station door. At his own his loving family was assembled to greet him.

"Mary," said Mr. Holiday, pressing a salute upon her brow, "I return neither with my shield nor upon it, but I have not been wholly idle," and he pressed into her hand the package of bonds he had brought home to her.

"You have done well," replied Mrs. Holiday, placing them carefully behind the kitchen clock. "What further war work shall you undertake?"

"I shall plant the entire place to beans," replied Mr. Holiday. "I know beans."

"Some don't," said Jonas.

THE END

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